

THE INNIS HERALD

November 1990; Volume 25; Issue 3

INSIDE:

Horrendous Bogosity

Baseball Blues

Blitz a Sex Puppy

More TV Talk

Check it out.



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"People hate me because I am a multi-faceted, talented, wealthy, internationally famous genius."
-Jerry Lewis

Another Look at the University, Different Angle

There are a lot of things that I like about the University of Toronto, such as the wide choice of courses and programmes of study, the huge amount of talent in the teaching staff (even if it is to be found in a relatively small number of faculty), and all the extras that come with a university of this size (guest lecturers, visiting filmmakers, abundance of student newspapers and groups, etc.). But there are a lot of things about U of T that are distinctly unpleasant and unacceptable, the most notable being the many inevitable evils of the Huge Institution, of the machine that creeps and groans and is often utterly unaware of its own processes and goings-on. You would like, I suppose, a few examples of what I am referring to? I am referring to, firstly and among other things, that universal instrument of irritation and oppression, that thing that sucks the life out of the spoken voice, distorts meaning and tone and offers no visual, emotional or spiritual comfort in moments of verbal angst -- the telephone.

I work for a Very Big Bank in order to keep myself in 2HB's and Norton Anthologies, and see so many parallels between what happens there and what happens here that my poor academic heart often skips a beat. For example, the phones. The telephone in the Herald office, like that in my "real" office, is electronically programmed and, I have recently learned, has "restricted usage." This may sound like a fairly minor point to you, but imagine my shock and surprise when I discovered that I can't even get through to a Bell Telephone operator, that island of safety and calm that is a haven for dyslexic dialers such as myself (I honestly have a problem with numbers -- the right one never seems to be at the place where my poor, bloody stumps of fingers end up stabbing). If I dial "9" and then "0", I get a U of T operator (I didn't even know there were any), but I cannot get out "there", into the real world. Freaky. I know that the phone (evil, breathing, thinking instrument) won't let me make long-distance calls (I accept that), but not being able to contact the heart and soul of the entire monstrous system? This is truly disturbing. What about 911? What about Party-Line (if I charge it

my credit card)? The reason this phone thing has become an "issue" with me is because I recently tried to make a toll-free call (you know, as in free, gratis, zero down, zero percent financing and zero balance due in 1991), and couldn't even do that. I had to go down three flights of stairs and spend twenty-five cents at a pay phone to make a free call. Somewhere, somehow, this doesn't make sense.

This naturally leads me to my next bone of contention. I was phoning Thunder Bay (on the free, twenty-five cent line) to confirm some information regarding the Ontario Graduate Scholarship, a common but little-known-to-undergrads source of funding if one wishes to continue one's current self-abuse (often referred to as a "solid education") to the graduate level. It appears to be the case that there actually is money to be had if you decide to choose this insane course of action, and if you qualify. This is where the "little-known" part comes in, for it seems that it is a Very Big Secret (kept by graduate students, who want to hog all the money) that the due date to submit your application is *not* the date printed directly on the application and/or quoted over the phone by U of T support staff to the unsuspecting undergrad! Now, you are saying to yourselves, "Karen," -- which is a very strange thing to say to yourself -- "Karen, if you just ignored the application, and spoke to more than just one person at the Student Awards office, and more than just one person at the School of Graduate Studies, and if you had called that special toll-free number more than just once, if you had been just a little more rigorous, then you wouldn't end up operating under erroneous suppositions, such as that the application is due on October 31st, as printed on the instructions." I know that you're all saying that. I can hear you!

Furthermore, in trying to solve the problem of the Late Application (sure, it was before Oct 31st, but still late, you understand), I got contradictory information. The head honchos at the Ministry in Thunder Bay said give it to the English Department; the experts at the School of Graduate Studies said send it directly to Thunder Bay (this was the first advice I got, and stupidly

followed); and the English Department, kind but confused, phoned the SGS, who phoned the Ministry, who then decided to get all their stories straight. . . I then made another toll-free (twenty-five cent) phone call, at which time the suddenly cheerful woman at the Ministry brightly, lightly, revoked her stomach-sinking initial response to my dilemma ("Give me your name. When I get your application I will have to remove it from consideration for the scholarship. Sorry.") with "Okay, no problem! Good luck to you!"

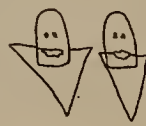
The point I'm making is that, like any other Huge Institution, nobody seems to know what the hell is going on at any one given moment in relation to any one given topic. Now, it's typical of me to leave things a little too late (I have trouble grasping the fact that I have to apply for a graduate scholarship months before I have to decide if I even want to attend graduate school), but one does hope for a little consistency in the handling of a (for me) very important factor in my future. After all, money = school, career, love, real estate, children, retirement in Tahiti, death. It really irks me that if I hadn't made a sudden gut decision to phone the Ministry (the one with the "free" number) to confirm what the SGS assured me of, and what I had already acted upon, my app would have been instantly disqualified upon receipt. Already a victim of institutional incompetence (I should never have gotten three different versions of the "one and only" way to apply correctly), I could have been truly shafted.

However, I have emerged most triumphant, having suffered injustice and therefore grown in spirit (and become a martyr in my own eyes). I am a hero. I like to think that I personally broke the whole damn system (they all had to consult with one another, consult with me, change their minds, consult with one another again, then inform me that they would accept my app whichever way I liked, so long as it got to them by Oct 31st). My back now smarts from all the self-congratulatory slapping I've been engaged in. I may never get that Big Money, but at least now I've got a chance. If I could only get back that damn fifty cents, my undergraduate experience (and my martyrdom) would be truly fulfilling.

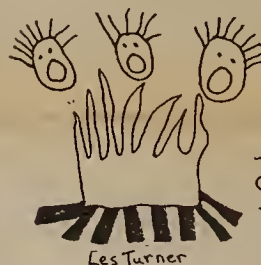
Prevent Cavities-
Send Your Kids to
DENTAL CAMP



-Carrots for Dessert



-Synchronized Flossing



-Campfire Horror Stories Of Kids With Dentures

Les Turner

Letter(s)

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of racist, sexist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

committee to meet my educational expenses for one year.

I considered myself lucky and fortunate for it is certain that I was picked out of many other needy and equally deserving students by such a friendly community at Innis.

I am also aware that several efforts and sacrifices were made by members of the Innis community (the administration, ICSS and students) to make my presence at a leading Canadian institution of higher learning a reality. It's because of that and the fact that it's not possible to reach and thank everyone individually that I express my thanks to you all through our college newspaper.

Ever since my arrival, I have found vital support and assistance from the members of the Innis community making it easier for me to settle down rather quickly.

I am indeed proud to belong to Innis College.

I wish to single out for special mention Scot Wiebe, the former ICSS treasurer, for having volunteered to receive me upon arrival in Canada and allowing me to stay in his home for some time.

Please accept my thanks for the enormous contribution you made.

Geroge W. Ojumbo,
1990/91 Innis College
refugee sponsored student.

Many Thanks!

Dear Innis College:

I extend to you all my deep appreciation and happiness for making it possible for me to join the U of T through your sponsorship.

I feel a great relief to be in class again after a frustrating six year break ever since I fled from my home university as a result of my political beliefs.

Frankly, I had given up any hope of ever completing my university studies until you rescued it, having been denied admission into university in my last nation where I lived as a refugee. I have no words to express the feelings I felt the moment I was notified by the WUSC office in Ottawa that I had been accepted at the U of T through the commitment and readiness of the ICSS and the local WUSC

The Innis Herald

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The paper that slaps you silly.

Editor: Karen Sumner

Arts Editor: Steve Gravestock
Random Thoughts Editor: Mole
Environmental Editor: Jackie Gilhoolley
Key Grip: Sharon Ouderikirk

Contributors:

Sandy Oh, Kate Moss, Wei Lounge
Trevor Balla, Blitz, Alex Hubbard
John Anderson, David Sumner, Jenny Friedland
Nick Zahariadis, Ralf Thomas Gutzeit
Toshiya Kuwabara, K. Hortopan, Steve Schrupp
Brian Morgante, Laura Chapin, Rick Campbell

Illustrations:

Max Hafner, Kate McKay
Brian Poehlman, David Sumner
Lesley Turner



Yo, Steve!

Dear Editor:

I have completed reading another of Steve Gravestock's ralls against late twentieth century liberalism disguised as a film review. While I always enjoy reading Steve's reviews/diatribes (mainly because the basic film review is a useless creature, like record reviews), I often find myself surprised at how his attacks on liberalism become eloquent defense for the worst establishment-pandering shit available to the modern moviegoer. Robocop 2 was a manipulative, violent piece of trash lacking what redeems most of these big violent rollercoaster rides -- humour. (The best of the summer blockbusters was Darkman, a low budget movie that had the grit and edgy darkness that all the other pictures lacked). Using irony and what laughingly passes for satire in Hollywood these days to deflect attention away from the fact that the film is nothing more than greedy pandering by studio moguls to our craving for shit doesn't always work, particularly in a sequel which is a kind of parasitical cash grab rather than an attempt to make a good picture. I believe that in defending such films, Gravestock is actually defending the culture he vilifies. (Anybody who thinks Madonna is a triumph of the masses over anything is pretty misguided.) While it is easy to see what Steve hates about society through his "reviews", I would like to know more about where he stands. If Robocop 2 is a victory against liberalism instead of the cold-hearted product of a vacuous studio machine, I would like to know what Steve Gravestock sees as the model society. He is free to do this as a review. Are Madonna, Robocop and Andrew Dice Clay your idea of modern American art merely because they attack what you don't like about modern society?

Leaving aside ideology (for once), all three of these products lack what makes any piece of art a piece of art -- imagination. Madonna spins out tired Marilyn Monroe clichés, re-inventing herself but never being anything more than a fifteen icon who can be a bit more up front (thanks to liberal culture?). Madonna is entertainment as hype. The only thing she does passingly well is dance. The rest is just good p.r., a willing media, and a very bored public. Clay rides on the First Amendment and confuses flat out abuse for a joke -- if he's indulging in parody his audience isn't getting it. Instead they're using him to justify their own prejudice and narrow-mindedness (the enemies of culture). Clay does not owe his style to the traditional "trickster" or commedia comic figure. He readily reinforces the entrenched values that an anarchistic comic figure would puncture. There is nothing radical about his attitudes towards women. Clay is as establishment as it gets. He may provoke the liberal press but he does not provoke his audience. The juvenile fantasy that Ford Fairlane lives is Clay's audience's desired reality. If the fantasy projected on screen is what most people desire, then how can Fairlane be the real butt of the joke? In what way is Clay "brave" for making this movie? Ford Fairlane panders to his audience.

Robocop 2 is the same kind of audience sop. For instance, in what way is the anti-theft scene that opens the movie satirical? The anti-theft device scene is a Saturday Night Live routine. It doesn't provoke. It doesn't say anything about "us" except that some car owners would no doubt purchase this device if given the opportunity. Well? So what?

Anyway, I'm not sure this is worth all the time I'm taking. I understand Steve is an admirer of Neil Young.

Rick Campbell

Dear Rick,
It's good to hear from you.

Congratulations on your marriage; I had a great time at the reception. I hope you love B.C. as much as I hated it.

Thanks for responding to the article. After three years of writing this stuff, I finally get a reaction... and an intelligent one! When I received your letter, my chest puffed up to Steve Reeves size and, for a moment, I felt like I was in a gladiator flick.

When I started my response, I had about eight pages planned, but everyone said I was being pompous and arrogant and not letting you get the last word in. Besides, I don't have the energy right now and they never do this in the London Times, so I'll just write you a letter.

Cheers,

Steve



Mugs and \$\$\$

Dear Editor:

Although I have been a "lugger" for some time now, and I enjoyed the article "To Buy or Not To Buy" about purchasing and using a portable mug for coffee, etc., I still wish to express my dismay with one aspect of lugging. It is getting (for me at least) somewhat expensive. My first mug (UTEC-style) was stolen from my table when I got up to purchase a food item; my second mug (ceramic, brought from home) was broken by a friend the first day I brought it down; and my third mug (UTEC-style again) was unfortunately and unwittingly left behind in a U of T cafeteria. What is the solution to this continuing series of great personal losses? I try to be a good environmentalist, but so far this year I've spent more on mugs than I have on the tasty refreshments they are designed to contain. I take full responsibility for the loss of the third mug. But what, pray tell, will be the next disastrous outcome for mug number four, and can I get financial assistance to aid in the development of my environmental consciousness?

Yours Truly,

An Increasingly Poor but
Dedicated Lughead.

A Fan Speaks

Dear Blitz:

Just wanted to let you know that I read your article ("All This and More: Let's Talk About Music") and I think it was (according to your scale) a really good one. I consider myself pretty open-minded about just about everything, especially music. But I do have trouble appreciating some things -- punk and hard-core among them.

I do like Mud (a local band) but that could be partly 'cuz I know the guys in the band and they've explained to me the kind of message that they're trying to convey. So when I interpret it their way, it's a hell of a lot of fun to listen to (and watch).

Anyway, for punk music in general I now know (after reading your article) that though I knew what sort of things to listen for and stuff, I never really gave that kind of music a chance to show me. But it (the good stuff) has been there. You've motivated me to buy one of those albums and to give it a chance.

The moral of the story? If you aim to learn something about music and expand your mind, reading an article by Blitz beats sitting through Music History 100 (or whatever) any day.

Thanks!

A Satisfied and
Enlightened Reader.

More Squirrels!

Dear Editor,

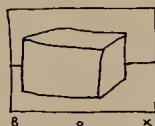
Greetings Paul and Jim!

Is great once again to be in home turf! How many roads must man walk down before you call him? My slow boat from China arrive safe and I walk dirty streets of Vancouver looking for righteous bag! In pocket along with traveller cheque is photographic proof of Innis squirrel conspiracy. Documentarian evidence that Innis principal being held in seclusion (or even smaller Latvian village) and that Innis squirrel sitting at big guy's desk scarfing down peanuts from Innis principal and Innis squirrel! I tell you this last year and no one listen. Now squirrels everywhere! Even Queen Park squirrel come on over for free peanuts! (They take real principal wallet, credit card and even master driving fancy car!) Ask you, why don't principal office closed all time? Why so hard to get appointment? Why Innis squirrel and Innis principal never photographed together? Hah! Why welcome message from principal in Innis Herald always so short? (Squirrel can only type for short period of time!) I tell you Jim and Paul. Is big problem. And not only just Innis New big shot law school university president? He like peanuts too!

I walk paths of Stanley Park and see Canada geese everywhere. No! No! Stop that! But every geese become squirrel in this whirling nightmare that got me buffeted. I only hope you get to proper authority in time. One more thing. Keep eye on pub bartenders who play Neil Young. Pub bartender who play Neil Young is secret friend of squirrel. Neil Young is favourite squirrel rock artist (next to Ozzy Osbourne). Good luck in campaign against the rapacious squirrel onslaught. Merry-Hallowe'ent Merry good luck to find good 5 cent cigar. See you in Times Square, on new year's Stan Brackhage! Hey Stan, I okay, you okay.

Yours in conspicuous,

Ivan Czegledy,
Moscow correspondent.



Shit Repellent

Dear Editor:

I like your paper. Last issue's one and only letter-writer didn't, and wrote a pretty yucky letter. I offer this letter as an antidote or, more accurately, as a shit-repellent. If I am the only letter-writer this time, then let me just say this: I like your paper.

Thanks,

S.O. Crates

Misunderstood?

Dear Editor:

I was rather surprised by your banding of the letter Tony and I submitted to the October 1990 edition of the Herald. When the Herald was hot off the press I brought it home to read to Tony and George (my monkey). When I arrived I interrupted one of their jam sessions. Tooy plays the drums. He has quite a collection; a bass, a snare, a tom-tom, two kettle drums and bongoes just for fun. Sometimes it all seems a bit excessive for a budgie but he bought them with his own money, so what do I care? George was playing his harp with his feet and smoking cigars with his hands. I would have joined right in as usual (I've been classically trained for bass trombone

and slide whistle), but I stopped everything, flat, dead. I got Tony to take off his sun-glasses and George to put out the cigars, all of them. He juggles lit cigars when he gets really into the tunes. He's shown me that when your feet work like hands you can juggle quite a few lit cigars. He does go through a lot of cigars but he buys them with his own money, so what do I care? Anyway, to make a potentially long story a little shorter, I read them the letter Tony and I wrote, reprinted in the Herald. They were so excited that they poured drinks before I could stop them. George, being Japanese, drinks sake. That is he's born and raised in Japan but he's a Canadian landed immigrant now. Tony likes rye and I'm a beer-drinking student (and proud). After the celebration drinks were finished I read the editor's comments appearing before and after the letter. Then we needed another round. Then I read the pertinent parts of the editorial. Tony was so shocked and disheartened that he needed A LOT of rye to recover (recover being a relative term when you drink a quarter mickey of rye and you only weigh thirteen ounces). Obviously we had been misunderstood and misinterpreted. While Tony was flying around at rapidly fluctuating altitudes and playing his bass drum with his face, George and I decided we must write a letter explaining three points.

First of all we were misunderstood. We wrote to the Herald because we like it. We see now that due to lack of context it was easy for readers to think we were slamming the Herald, but we weren't. The lack of context or explanation was our fault and we're sorry if we offended the editor, the contributors or the readers. We didn't want to slam the Herald or offend anyone, we were just having some fun and contributing to a newspaper that we enjoy (especially Tony).

The second point is everybody, please, lighten up! Take a pill, relax, loosen up, get a hobby, get laid, have a drink, find a fun sport, go to the movies more, anything, just CHILL OUT! The Herald has harshly lampooned and parodied many people, styles, art, etc., in the past. One day someone pokes fun at the Herald itself and people are up in arms. Tony, George and I are in agreement that we don't "have pokers up our asses", but we do wish other people would be less serious and have some fun.

The final point is that if the Herald is going to advertise for contributors, regardless of their experience, it should help the eager people with their writing through constructive criticism. If an article is off, perhaps contact the author on the phone and talk about it. A more supportive policy might encourage a greater number of potential authors to try their hand, that would give the Herald a greater variety of style, tone and subject matter. If the editor has any problems with this letter I would be happy to talk about and probably to change it before publication.

George and I have to revive Tony. He's looking very green right now. It's been our pleasure chatting and we're sorry if we hurt anybody's feelings last time around.

Richard Stirling Robinson,
Tony and George.

(First of all, Dick, your contribution was a letter, not an article. How do you know how "supportive" the Herald is with their writers? It is not our policy, or any other newspaper's, to contact letter writers to discuss the quality or content of their writing. Your letter is your responsibility, not ours. How can we tell when a letter is "off" and when it is "on"? Furthermore, even if we had wanted to contact you (your offer to rewrite is so generous!), you have not provided a phone number on this letter or the last. If you want help with your writing, go to the writing lab or submit an ARTICLE to the Herald with a request for feedback or assistance before it is printed. Include a phone number, and we might get somewhere. The point isn't that someone poked fun at the Herald, it was that it appeared to be, in the words of another letter writer (who I will assume meant what she said, and will not contact for clarification), so yucky. If the problem was a lack of context and it was all meant "in fun", so be it. But you have to accept this as your error, not blame us for not being there for you.

Hope to hear from you again, Dick. Write us a letter, submit an article, interview your pals George and Tony on their understanding of world issues, whatever. Ask for help, and we shall receive, otherwise expect to see it in print as submitted. Most people don't want our interference, but if you do just say the word, and we'll be there yes indeed, 'cause you've got a friend (ain't it good to know?) -- Ed. et al.)



About Senate Swapping and Such. . .

Nick Zaharliadis

Prime Ministers, being creative people, are famous for their ability to devise initiatives. This being the case, many countries come with at least one of them from its first day 'till . . . death do them part. All in all, there are about 150 to 180 of them spread around the world forming the P.M. Network. There is one of them in the Great White North, if you hadn't noticed (how could you not have?).

I have been following the actions of our Main Person lately, but not quite as closely as you might think; it never hurts to keep a safe distance from all evil.

Anyway, our guy has decided to pass his new tax law whichever way he can, and it seems that he will. He is implementing all the techniques that both his office and his caucus are devising in order to reach his target. All is fine and well so far. Our guy, though, didn't realize what he was getting himself, and everybody else, in to. Rampant misleading information, use of public funds to advertise a party line before it passed Parliament, disregard for public opinion, disregard for the rules and laws that govern our political system, disregard for the people that dedicated their lives to make this a better country . . . the man just doesn't get the message! The popularity of his party was fifteen percent on last count (his own popularity is below the five percent mark), there are three lawsuits

pending in regard to his latest Senate expansion games and a good twenty-five out of twenty-eight million people are clearly frustrated about the uncertainty that grows greater and greater everyday.

Don't get me wrong; the purpose of this article is not to condemn this right wing party and its legislative plans. The question of whether the new tax is good or bad I leave to the reader. But when it comes to the way that our P.M. is conducting his affairs, hey grab a chair, we have a lot to talk about.

When our P.M. decided to make the Meech Lake Accord part of the constitution, he thought that all he had to say to Canadians was that it is the only way to go for Canada, and that the Accord's failure would be the tragic end of the country. With the Free Trade Agreement we got the "inside" information that it would create thousands of jobs, that there would be no more fear of recession, that our economy would boost up and the per capita income would increase dramatically, and that Canada would finally become a well respected industrial country in the eyes of the largest consumer body in the world, our folks south of the border. This is nothing more than what one would expect from a pre-election campaign -- no hard facts, just promises.

Well, let me tell you something. One of the fundamental characteristics of the democratic process is the public's right to know all the facts before having to form an opinion. If Mr. Mulroney decides to

form the opinion of the public on our behalf, and then feed it to us, well we were not born yesterday, were we? This sounds a lot more like a dictatorial process in which the Big Cheese chooses and dictates. Why do we have to be victims of backroom politics, media (CBC) manipulation, last minute decisions and legislative tactics of a dubious nature? Whatever happened to the idea of doing things in an orderly fashion? Whatever happened to doing politics and having fun while doing it? Why can't we even put a good scandal together? Not in this neck of the woods, oh boy! Anyway, this is all Greek to some Ottawa based careerists.

On a different note, we have had a change with the recent provincial elections. It was only after the "unexpected" turn of events that it was discovered that the provincial budget would not balance for the next five or seven odd years. Oopsy!! Before September 6th, the economy looked as good as new thanks to the hard work of the Peterson team. The same to you Dave! Let's just hope that the new folks that will be staging their act in that big building surrounded by the U of T will have a lot more imagination than their predecessors. Let's see what a former U of T student can do for the province. Of course, there is always the P.M. factor in Ottawa. Lovely city mind you.

We have been getting this argument for quite a while now about how everybody is so serious about their politics. I think, however, everybody would loosen up a bit just about now before we start showing what the democratic process is all about. And I think that we need someone to promise us a refreshing change for the better, and materialize it. And maybe put a case of Blue Light in every fridge, as the commercial says, but this time in every politician's fridge. Cheers!

Amnesty Update

Laura Chaplin

The question which is probably most frequently asked about Amnesty International (AI) is: "What is it exactly that you do as a member of this organization?" In this article, I will describe the central activity performed by AI members, this being writing replies to human rights violation cases known as Urgent Actions (UAs).

If immediate action needs to be taken in order to curtail life-threatening human rights violations, then an UA notice will be telefaxed from the International Secretariat in England to the head offices of different countries. These notices, which often cite death penalty convictions, torture or poor prison living conditions, will then be sent to the various AI groups within the country.

It is up to the members of the individual groups to write as many letters to heads of state as possible, in order that these officials be aware that this particular situation is being watched internationally. International pressure such as this may at best bring about a significant change in the treatment of a political prisoner, and at worst may stop a prisoner's human rights conditions from deteriorating any further.

The common format for an UA case-sheet includes a description of the case, any helpful background information, recommended things to say in the letters and the addresses where the letters should be sent.

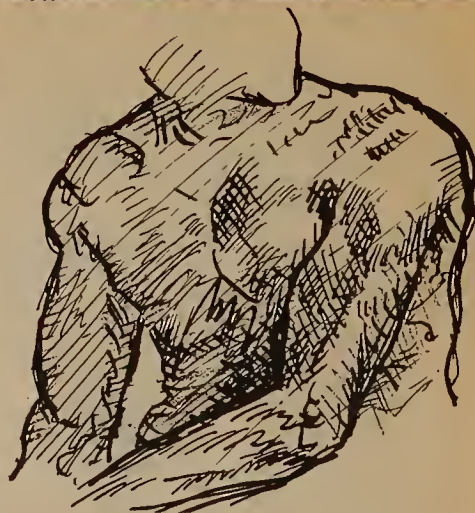
Letter writing to high officials such as this calls for great care in wording and style. Although one might feel angry about the human rights abuses that a prisoner has suffered, the letters regarding the case must be written in a polite and deferential tone. An emotional letter, which goes much beyond "informing" the official of the situation and asking that they investigate and take appropriate action, runs the risk of damaging the organization's reputation and thereby its effectiveness. In writing a letter, one should never forget that a person's life may be at stake -- a person whom we want to win freedom for, not further misfortune. In each letter it is common to ask for further explanation or

information regarding the case, which occasionally results in replies from foreign governments. Replies are always received with a certain amount of excitement by AI members, because it means that a letter was read and had enough effect on the person to prompt them to return the correspondence.

Sometimes these replies fill in pieces of information that are important to the case but which were not included in the case-sheet. This usually results in the release of an updated UA, which urges people to rewrite the governments with the "improved" information. It is very important for AI to have strict accuracy in the writing of the case-sheets, otherwise the letters produced from these guidelines lose a great deal of their effectiveness.

Understandably, the best reply received from foreign governments is one which states that the prisoner has been released. Unfortunately, from an AI perspective, this does not occur as often as it could. When a release is achieved it is difficult to ascertain whether the pressure placed on these officials through the AI letters was the key to the person's freedom, or if it was caused by some unrelated incident, such as a change in the political climate of the country. Nevertheless, irrespective of the cause of the release, a victory for human rights has been won.

Should you want to get involved with UA letter writing, a number of groups meet on campus at various places and times during the week. For example, there are college groups at St. Mike's, Trinity and Victoria; faculty groups for both law and medicine; or our office in Innis College. If you are interested in joining the group or want more information on the other things that we do, please feel free to drop by the office (room 210, Innis College) or phone us at 978-7434.



Blitz The Stud

Mole

I got sick of the graffiti in the guy's washroom in Innis. The only thing I enjoyed on the wall was this:

"God is dead" -- Nietzsche
"Nietzsche is dead" -- God
"God is Nietzsche" -- ?

That's humour. Anyway, like a sex pervert on a sick rampage (something out of a Tom Waits song -- maybe I'm a Raindog), I decided to check out the woman's (or "Womyn's", as the inscription on the door said) washroom.

Not as exciting, I must admit. The pen doesn't flow as much in there. Two cubicles had a pretty good collection though. One had an exciting Pro-Choice vs. Pro-Life dialogue, and the other (right at the end) had an interesting debate about Blitz, the emcee of the Innis cafe and punk news correspondent for the Herald.

Blitz is a stud. Women love Blitz, with only one or two exceptions. Here is what the graffiti said:

"Blitz is friendly."
"Like many people at Innis, Blitz is great until you get him started on the goddamn Grateful Dead."
"I have an insatiable curiosity about Blitz. Can anyone tell me anything about him?"
"Blitz is not his real name."
"Does this mean you don't like him?"
"Yes, I like him. Do you want him to yourself or something?"
"Blitz is a Gorm in disguise!"
"Blitz as an individual is the sweet pea of Innis."
"And if you don't agree with him,

he'll treat you like shit."

"Blitz is one cool person. Don't be shy with him, just go up and start talking to him. Please reply."

"I want Blitz!"

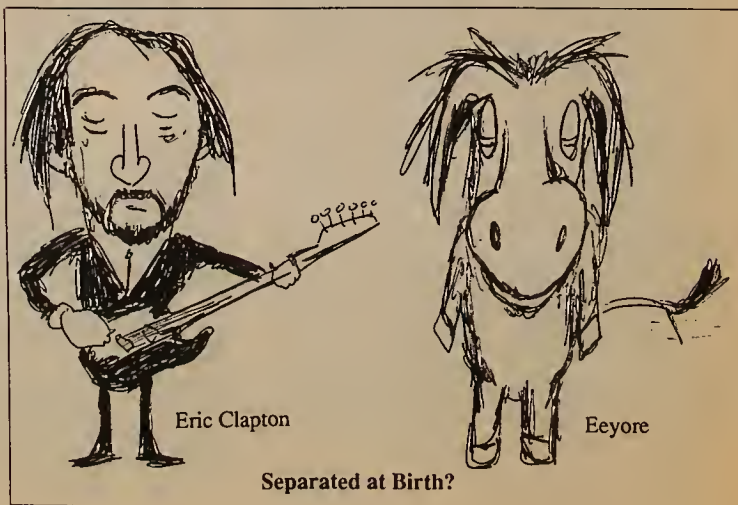
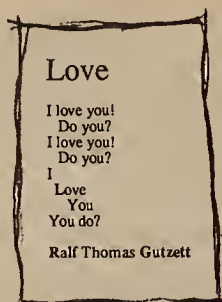
Well, except for one person who thinks that Blitz is horribly opinionated about the Grateful Dead, and one person who feels like she's been treated like shit by him (it sounds like that, anyway), everyone is in agreement: Blitz is a loveable sex puppy. Who 'wants' Blitz? Please, dear, go and get him before he decides to throw his infamous Celibacy Party.

We all love Blitz 'round our way. Whenever he's pissed off, I amieably let him kick me out of the pub to relieve his anger. He still hasn't taped me that Sore Throat LP however (this is the sort of music/noise that Blitz will only inflict on people who ask him first). I'll forgive him though.

Ever see *The Cook, The Thief* etc., by Peter Greenaway? The thief only has one intelligent thing to say in that film. He walks up to his wife's lover, who is reading a book on the French revolution, and says (I'm paraphrasing): "I bet nobody in the world has read that book, but I bet that everyone in this restaurant has read what's written in the loo. Something to think about, eh?"

You're bound to be famous, Blitz. First you take the Innis woman's washroom, then you take the world. Can I be your agent?

[Blitz note: Yes. But only if you get me a date with the author of graffiti # 11. And have #7's author shot. She knows too much.]



Separated at Birth?

This is a Nice Sidewalk

Mole

"All natural forests being turned into housing developments! I want cement covering every blade of grass in this nation! Don't we taxpayers have a voice anymore?"

- John Waters, *Desperate Living*

I love quoting people. Especially characters from films. I'll be sitting at work listening to a very boring person blab about our supervisor when I'll suddenly mumble, "Smokin' business... gotta give it up one of these days." (Willy, *Straight To Hell*)

She'll stare at me for a moment then continue her boring monologue. I'll say, "Charea, I hear you have a taste for little boys." (Caligula, *Caligula*)

"Mole," she'll say, "You're really nuts."

"Don't ever call me that! Don't you ever call me that!" I yell, quoting Max from *Once Upon A Time In America*.

Eventually, she leaves. I sit there alone and recite dialogue from other films.

Andy walks in. He lights a cigarette. He understands my fetish.

"Hey, Ratsco," he mumbles, like Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*, "That guest in room 128 is being unreasonable. I think we should send Vito over to give him a Columbian necktie, if you get my meaning."

"Duuh yeah boss, I'll do what ya tell me ta do boss, I will," I stammer like an idiot hood from those Bugs Bunny cartoons.

An Article by Mole's Friend

Alex Hubbard

Mole is incapacitated at the moment. As a true friend and intellectual equal (although he would argue this, that vain swine), I took it upon myself to write a brief article for the poor fellow. He's really depressed and generally fucked up these days, owing to a traumatic event in his usual dull lifestyle, so it would only be fair if I helped him out in his time of need.

"I am a sick man. . . I am a spiteful man," as Dostoevsky would say. Mole's opinions are harsh, but who cares. What really annoyed me last week (and annoyed old Mole too) was a screening that we had been looking forward to for a long time. Fellini's *Casanova* was playing in the Innis Town Hall, for the benefit of Italian Cinema, and the noise was unbearable. Lots of engineers take the course (and other

people in fields other than Cinema Studies) to acquire a credit for the Breadth requirement.

Some people were chanting "Fuck her" at the screen as Casanova, played by Canadian Donald Sutherland, had sex with yet another woman. Mole had a look of pure evil in his eyes. Poor bastard, I thought, he should have gone to the late screening. Mole hates, I take it, misogynists. He was going to write an article about this, but his best friend shot him before pen could come to paper. The wound might take awhile to heal.

He smokes too much. I hate the smell of those ugly American cigarettes. He tried getting drunk to heal the wounds, but it didn't work. He's starting to get over it, but he's still in a partial coma. I feel sorry for him, but he helped pull the trigger on himself.

He rants too much. That article on

Christianity, I told him, was no better than a rant by the homophobes he despises. He told me to fuck myself, but I kept my calm and bought him lunch at a really good restaurant on Dundas West. He agreed with me in the end.

So, his spitefulness has turned on him. He's got writer's block and is a total zombie.

He sleeps too much these days. He doesn't miss classes, he hands his essays in, but he still sleeps too much. I try to wake him up, but he's adamant about staying in bed. He reminds me of a . . . well, a mole.

Send all money, cheques, love letters etc., to the Herald office. If he doesn't read them, Karen the editor might print them.

I hope you appreciate this, Mole. You owe me for this. I could be writing an essay now.

Communication

Look
Yes
It's just....
Well....
I mean....
Ok....
But....
What
That
Why
Because
Goodbye
Goodbye

Ralf Thomas Gutzert

No Bucks For Big Biz! C.U.S.O. Speaks

Kate Moss

Consumerism is taking over Toronto. The pumpkins and witches are just packed away and the stores have decorated their trees and strung out their lights. Buy, buy, buy, they say. The latest, the greatest, the biggest, the best. The pre-Christmas push has begun!

But this year you have an alternative to padding the bursting bank accounts of big biz. If you have been oggling that hand-crafted silver ring to give to a friend, you may also be asking yourself: Are the producers or craftspeople being exploited? Are fair prices being paid? Are middlemen gouging both the producer and the consumer in the big profit margin game? If you decide that these are important

questions, then you may choose to do some of your Christmas, Hannukah or whatever shopping at the CUSO One World Bazaar at Sidney Smith hall from November 13 - 16.

CUSO, an international development agency, SAC and the East Asia Company have teamed together to bring this bazaar to U of T. CUSO is a non-profit agency that supports grassroots development projects in 36 developing countries. Their programmes are sensitive to the environment, to women's issues and to the notion of empowering people to help themselves. We all know who SAC are. Do these two organizations make strange bed-fellows with an import firm? We at CUSO think it's a marriage made in heaven.

The East Asia Company is

committed to the concept of trade, not aid. Third World artisans receive a fair price for their products. Goods are bought consistently from family and collective producers.

CUSO receives 15% of the purchase price of the objects sold at the bazaar. This money is matched 3 to 1 by CIDA (the Canadian International Development Agency) before it goes to development projects. This year, the Toronto proceeds will be going to the Caribbean, where CUSO and others aim at building solid, sustainable local development agencies that will do CUSO out of a job.

Please come and support this endeavor. You'll have fun, do a good turn and obtain some beautiful crafts from Asia, Africa, the South Pacific and Central and South America.

euso

One World Bazaar

from all over the world: colourful and unusual gifts, hand-crafted jewellery, garments, hanging rugs, folk art, ceramics

Hopki Bell India Kenya Java

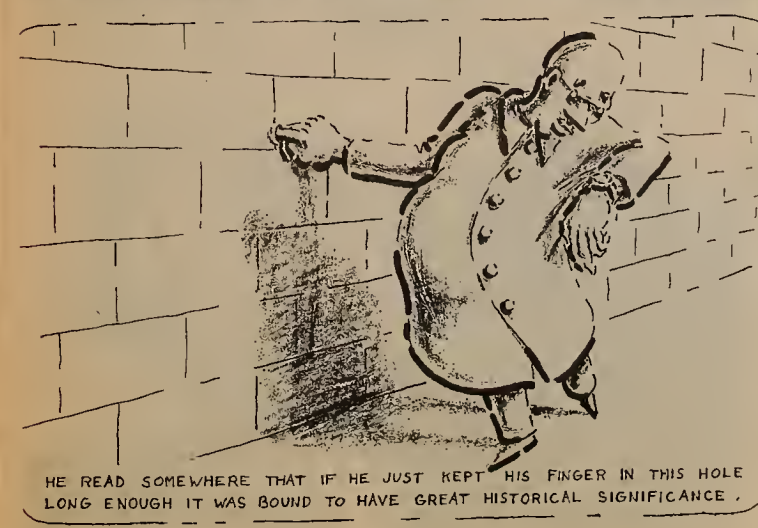
November 13 - 16

10 am to 8 pm
friday till 6pm

The University of Toronto
Sidney Smith Hall
(St. George & Harbord)

Bringing the world to you

sponsored on behalf of CUSO by the East Asia Company Ltd.



Boyle's Grave

I sit on Boyle's grave.
Boyle, once from County Mayo, Ireland,
Lying now in downtown Toronto,
Neighbouring his countrymen:
Patrick (d. 1844) and Mary (d. 1853),
Their children Patrick (d. 1840), Michael (d. 1841), Ellen
(d. 1842),
And Terence (d. 1859);
O'Connors all.
Corcoran, Sullivan, Deegan and John Taylor;
The last has fallen on his side.
Many markers lean or have fallen,
Perhaps to mark another death.
Who takes care of all this?
It must be hard to cut the grass.

D.S.

Random Thoughts

Never-Ending Baseball Season

David Sumner

The propensity to wax poetic about the grand old game of baseball has been in the air in recent years. Moreover, the sport's legend and lore has also been seeping upwards to the lofty levels of intellectual musings. It seems that the essayist, the mathematician, the sociologist, the novelist, the historian, the filmmaker, and at least one philosopher have each been drawn to dabble in his or her toes in the baseball pie (to mix my metaphors).

In October, the New York Review of Books headlined its edition of intellectual ramblings with the tantalizing title: "Can Baseball Save America?" Its release was timed perfectly with the peak of pennant fever, the tightening tension in the Persian Gulf, and a general uncertainty of economic and political futures. Each year the literate fan waits patiently for Roger Angel to review the past season in the New Yorker, so that we can sort myth and majesty from the plethora of plays, pitches and put-outs accumulated over a 4200 game season. The analytic fan must wait until spring when the mountains of the past year's statistics are sorted, arranged and made to dance. Will Bill James reveal to us just how much the Tigers' surge to a near .500 season (from the bottom of their division last year) is due to Cecil Fielder's 51 dingers and 132 RBIs? Is it significant that the Yankees' team batting and earned-run averages contain the same digits in different order? "What!" cries the historian from under mounds of yellowed newspaper boxscores, "the last time that happened..."

Even my grandmother, at 83 years old, is wacko over the boys of summer. She never misses a game on either television or radio, sometimes watching multiple broadcasts in an orgiastic feast orchestrated by thumb and remote controller. In early spring (still winter in these parts) my mother and

her sister, self-styled baseball groupies, pergrinate to the warmer climes of Florida to catch some rays and oggle athletic bunned third base-men and broad shouldered short-relievers. Come to think of it, my whole family on both sides is baseball mad. (Somehow it has become a tradition for me to beam my sister's boyfriend in the head with the high and inside heat while playing "wall ball.")

Each spring a mysterious primeval call awakens myself and two friends from our frozen hibernation. Groggily we are drawn together, clutching reverently to our chests new but well-thumbed copies of Street & Smith's Pre-Season Baseball Rewiew, hoping to divine the year's crop of outstanding rookies and established players about to have "career seasons." Amidst scattered pizza crusts and Wink cans, we hold our annual baseball draft under archaic rules set by the all powerful Grand Commissioner. With \$12 million and an extra allotment of \$200 to \$1200 thousand (affectionately known as the "Random Factor"), we set about protecting and drafting players, forming farm teams and building ballparks. Compensation penalties are paid, trading deadlines are met and a twenty-four game season is begun, during which player's statistics are constantly updated according to their performance in our league and - I use this term with some hesitation -- in real-life.

In 1989 I won it all. Backed by the astonishing home-run power of Eric Davis and the blistering fastballs of Mike Scott, my team rolled to an easy victory, dropping only one post-season game. The victory garnered me a trophy of a figure booting a soccer ball (some kind of joke, I suppose) and a night of reveling at the Chick'n Deil.

This season has been quite a different story. Eric Davis was plagued by injuries and Mike Scott's ERA inexplicitly sky-rocketed. My

entire pitching staff, in fact, fell on their collective asses. Case in point: Dennis Eckersley's ERA for my team is 17.17, a far cry from the miniscule 0.61 he posted with the A's. My season, however, is not over yet (due to an inconsiderate manager delaying matters by taking the summer off to smuggle Bibles into Turkey). My record is four wins against twelve losses - if I win all remaining games I can climb to a .500 season.

A pleasant side-effect of my extended season is that baseball for me will last well into the winter. For the rest of you its all over. November winds are wresting dead golden leaves from the trees and cold grey skies and relentless icy rain will only give way to colder grey skies and relentless slushy snow. The comfort of baseball, its easy-going day-in-day-out routine, is lost to you until spring.

My wanderings bring me to a more uplifting note. As a long-time Cincinnati Reds fan (I began watching baseball in 1975 when the Big Red Machine - Foster, Bench, Morgan, Perez, Rose, Griffey (Sr.), Driessen, Concepcion - was happily steamrolling its opposition), I cannot help but gloat over the outcome of this year's Autumn Classic. The Reds met Oakland head-on, brandishing a full baseball arsenal: pitching (startling and relief), hitting, defense and baserunning. Oakland was doomed from the first inning of the first game when Eric Davis (there's that name again) smacked a Dave Stewart pitch over the wall in straight-away centre field. After that, there was no way the Reds could lose.

Incidentally, when word got around that I was backing the Reds, my grandmother came looking for a piece of the action. Brimming with confidence she laid down a buck on the A's. Since the Series, its been rumoured that the old lady has skipped town.

Have a pleasant winter.



Ode to Joyce

With puckered brow he toothclenchingly spurt'd
Inky madness on the spreadeagled soft-
Begging page. For a tissue he grabsnatched
As the limp splootchstain rivered out of
His quivering quillpen shamefully oily
Dribbly. Marymotherof. New pen, big
Too. Ben also, not new big.

The bard sauntered self-frightcously
From his thinwatery brainwitting to
The bog. Water to water. Curious
Kidneyfeel. From his selfbog he sauntered
Thinbrained to the wit of his waterverse.
Troping went he heigh ho way to go! He
Inwardskreaked as his bowels moved a
Second time through his rigid pendigit.
Pleacedlimbong rows of softcreeping inkwords
Flowed rockwarmly forth. Self. Birthing. Language.

K.S.

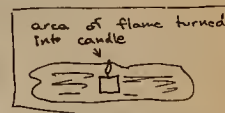
Not a Short Story

Wet Lounge

8:45 a.m., Sat Oct 7, 1990.

It had gone on for days now. Ever since the beginning of the year, I'd worn a white sheet to class. White because, as I discovered on my first day there, no one could see or hear me. I was inclined, obviously, to wander about the classroom half-naked and talk to my ignorant audience quite openly about my self, shoe-size and sexuality.

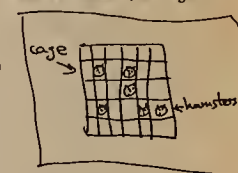
Three weeks into the year though, something odd happened. Everyone could see and hear me. I sat down and acted like myself again. Later, in the college cafeteria, I met a friend from this class and was about to discuss the situation when a nicks began near the window about what was going on outside. Apparently, two puppies were tearing a baby apart. After this had been accomplished, my friend and I went out into the courtyard. The following occurred:



friend and I sat down and warmed ourselves

As we sat around the candle, my friend revealed to me that the class's silence was an experiment. All along they'd seen and heard me. They'd learned that I was, in her words, "co-religious, all over the place. There is no you!"

This overwhelming humiliation drove me with a shrill, broken cry from the cafeteria. I ran towards home with hope only of some sort of support for my sanity from my family. Instead, I found my driveway covered in hamsters giving birth to hundreds of tiny hamsters. (I began to feel unusual.) The hamsters, in turn, were covered in water, flowing down the driveway, saturated wif! Jeard fish, worms and small leech's. The water was being hosed d'own the driveway by my brother, trying to save the hamsters. I yelled at him to stop, and when he had, the water was gone, as was everything else. Only about ten hamsters remained, in a cage:



Captain Beefheart quote of the month: "Let the dying die, let the lying lie."

* Apologies to Bird the Pimp.

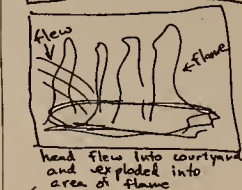
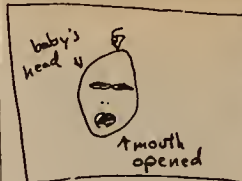
The Wayward Shoe - (A Short Story)

Started out on the wrong foot.
Got to the wrong side of town.
Fell in with the wrong crowd.
Lost its sole.
Went to the shoe repair for rehabilitation.
Somebody lost the ticket. [initials]
The wayward shoe had mended its ways
But it was too late. [initials]
It's abandoned mate paired up with
a glass slipper found late
at night in a rich neighbourhood. -Les

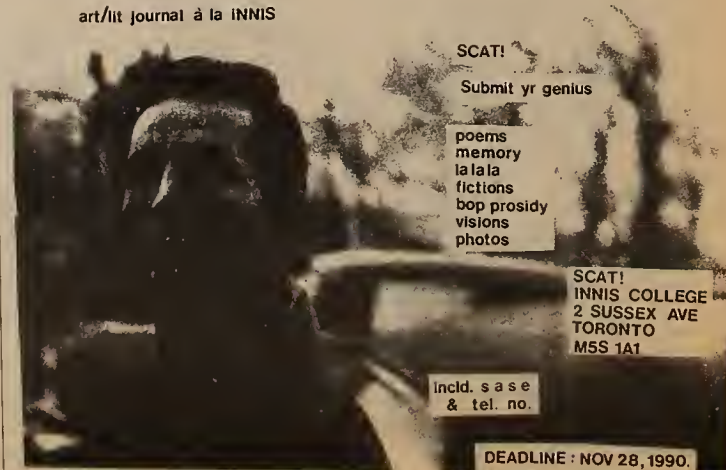
Anesty

she walks in her own way
among the white tables,
looking for the right umbrella
the one with the silver frills and shade
and the cool drinks.
when she finds it, she will sit down
and enjoy the friendly and sunny and welcome quiet
and those already there will not say to her:
anesty,
take off that silly hat.

John Anderson



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Nasty Girl Nasty in Wrong Way

Steve Gravestock

Michael Verhoeven's *The Nasty Girl* is cleanly and efficiently made. He seems to be using Godard's pop takes on Brecht as a primer: There are the openly artificial backdrops and strips of colour from *Les Chinois*, the central character introduces herself and speaks directly to the audience like Marina Vlady in *Two or Three Things*, and there's colour shifts ala *Contempt*. The film's been compared to Syberberg and Brecht — a local paper rather amusingly described it as Syberberg from Brecht, which is like learning Joyce via Shakespeare — but the post-modernist techniques aren't used for distancing or even to capture the period.

On one level, its use of these devices resembles *Time in Tomorrow*'s use of the same; they make the movie cute, endearing, trendy. Verhoeven also uses them to give the film a glossy matter-of-factness. It needs this veneer because it's this year's front-runner for *The River's Edge* Horrendous Bogosity award.

Sonja, the protagonist, is an ideal West German girl who becomes the "nasty" girl of the title when she decides to follow up a prize-winning essay by writing another about her home town during the Third Reich. Though she's been told that her town resisted the Nazis, her attempts to research the period are blocked at every turn. She abandons her work when she gets married but returns to it later on. Ostracized, harassed, and finally attacked, she perseveres and ultimately triumphs. Sort of.

This scenario isn't necessarily problematic; Verhoeven's treatment makes it so. Sonja's only motives for her quest are an adolescent's petulant stubbornness and hatred of hypocrisy — she's not inspired by anything altruistic like concern for those persecuted under the Nazi regime or a desire for justice. Sonja's just pissed that she's been

lied to and even more ticked off because she can't get what she wants. The traits that normally accompany these feelings are selfishness and sometimes callousness, and Sonja possesses these in abundance. She jeopardizes her own family, neglects her children, and screws up her marriage.

The film's an insult to those who died in or survived the concentration camps, to those who spent their lives bringing war criminals to justice, and to those Germans who resisted the Nazis to have this willful little brat presented heroically and in this context. In addition, the oppositions are set up in a rather ugly manner: The beautiful young girl faces down the crochety, ugly, old people. (It's like 60's youth rhetoric, which stated that all young people were good and all old people were bad. This, of course, is patently false.) This cheap set-up bears more than a passing resemblance to the conflicts in Leni Riefenstahl's mountain movies — films Susan Sontag once described as pure examples of the fascist sensibility — where heroic Leni herself battled it out with the lumpen "valley pigs." (Verhoeven cannily, smartly helps his case by casting Lena Stolze, a lubricious chamber who's perfectly suited to the post-modernist style of the film, as Sonja.)

It's possible that Verhoeven intended us to view Sonja somewhat critically. If he did, he would have to have presented Sonja's opposition differently. In order to avoid glibness, he would have had to humanize them and then dismiss or criticize them the way Bugajski humanizes and dismisses one of the Stalinist interrogators in *The Interrogation*. Then we would have come away with a better, more accurate idea of the nature of this type of evil; we would have understood how banal and insidious it is and wouldn't easily be able to separate ourselves from the

phenomenon. Instead, Verhoeven presents Sonja's opposition, both collaborators and non-collaborators, as buffoons or melodramatic villains. He lets us off the hook and allows us to get complacent.

Similarly, instead of a more comprehensive assessment which would allow us to separate callous Sonja from the heroic nature of her endeavour, we get some bogus psychological stuff about Sonja wanting to be a saint and having a martyr complex. However, Sonja's endeavours are heroic on one level so, finally, we have to see her that way though her character ultimately tarnishes what she does. It's not particularly fruitful to present something heroic in this manner. (For an example of a film that does criticize its hero and keep his actions in perspective see *Bethune*.)

Verhoeven is on record as saying that the film's not about the Third Reich but "about civic courage." The attitudes I satirize here can be found in any West German town: People are raised and educated to avoid and repress uncomfortable facts and emotions, and to fear anyone trying to find underlying reasons for this behaviour. If this is true, then the movie exploits attempted genocide to give it moral weight much like tawdry Hollywood thrillers. It also means that the film's basic point originates within the ugly, immature oppositions I've already outlined. If the film's about Germany's inability to deal with its guilt and the resulting hypocrisy, the point is undercut by the dramatization and the post-modernist style. In order to adequately deal with this subject, the film would have to look at the situation far more systematically. The facile black comedy structure and equally cheap use of post-modernist devices prevents this type of analysis.

Stylistically, *Nasty Girl* may be clean but, intellectually and morally, it stinks up the joint.



Cinema Studies Update

Sandy Oh
President, CINSSU

The Cinema Studies Students Union (CINSSU) was first formed in 1989 to address the growing academic and social needs of cinema students. Today, the objectives of the CINSSU have remained unchanged, as we continue to organize social events that reflect the aesthetic nature of film, as well as counsel students on any academic concerns they may have. This year, both the selection of a new executive and the increase in funding from outside organizations bring promises of new ideas that will enhance the experiences of film students and others. We encourage any students interested in film to become involved in all aspects of the union. The office of the CINSSU is located in room 307 of Innis college, with a schedule of office hours posted on the door. Our phone number, which we share with Amnesty International, is 987-7434.

As there are many intangibles involved in our social events, we can only reveal details of the next upcoming event at this time. Details of our other social functions will be announced at a future date.

TWO free films:
Taxi Driver (1976, dir. M. Scorsese)
The Big Heat (1951, dir. Fritz Lang)

FREE Admission
FREE Refreshments

Films will be shown at:

Innis College
2 Sussex Ave

CINSSU Presents
Saturday, December 8 at 7 p.m.

NEO-NOIR NIGHT

Knowledge

White Walls
So high that
they almost touch
Heaven itself
Thick so thick
That neither mercy nor cruelty could get through.
There is an entrance
A staircase narrow and steep
That reaches the top
But no exit
Climb up if you dare

Ralf Thomas Gutzett

Living Colour: Time's Up

Trevor Balla

Last year, Living Colour had the honour of being named the best new artist at the MTV Music Awards for their debut album, *Vivid*. Throughout the years, many artists have had this honour bestowed upon them only to fall prey to every artists' nightmare, the Sophomore Jinx. With the release of the group's second album, *Time's Up*, Living Colour gets over this dreaded hump with great success.

The album starts off with the title track, a fast-paced entry with the lead singer Corey Glover pleading with the listener about the urgency to save our planet. Glover's vocals simply over-power the whole album, especially in the third verse on the "Cult of Personality" styled anthem "Pride", and on the chorus of "Love Rears Its Ugly Head." On "Elvis Is Dead", the band, with the aid of Little Richard, takes a stab at the recent "sightings" of the DEAD Elvis Presley. Even though many consider lead guitarist Vernon Reid one of the best guitarists in the business, his solos become rather annoying after awhile, but he still remains the driving force behind the group with his strong songwriting knowledge. The molding together of bassist Muzz Skillings and drummer Williams Calhoun has grown considerably since *Vivid*. Take note of this during Reid's solo on the title track. The album contains many themes such as environmental awareness, self-realization, drugs, safe sex, racism, and of course, love, and they are brought forth on all of the songs great effect.

Ever since this band started up, they have heard comments such as "the idea of a black rock band just won't cut it," especially from fellow

blacks. It is addressed in the song "New Jack Theme" where Glover sings "some people say my souls is lost / I'll lose my life if I start to turn soft." If a group has the talent and will-power to make it in show business, give them a chance. An artist's talent should be determined by the quality of their record, not by the colour of their skin. With the quality of *Time's Up*, maybe some of the disbelievers will become fans.

Favorite cut: "Solace Of You"

Rating: A-

The Time - *Pandemonium*.

After going their separate ways a few years ago, many thought that they would never get back together, but with the aid of good friend Prince, Morris Day unites with The Time again for the making of the movie *Graffiti Bridge* and recording their own album, *Pandemonium*.

This album is complete fun from beginning to end. In the musical interludes "Dreamland", "Youm", and "Cooking Class", Morris Day is at his coolest and goofy best. He also achieves this on the songs "Jerk Out", and "Chocolate", complete with Day "burning out" everyone in sight, including girls trying to pick him up, and the sarcastic waiter in the restaurant on the track "Chocolate". The great rocking edge of the title track, "Blondie", and "Skillet" is greatly contrasted by the soothing melodies of "Donald Trump (Black Version)" and "Sometimes I Get Lonely."

If you are of a serious nature, please, do not listen to this album, because you will find it idiotic. But, if you are laid back, take a listen and go along with the antics of Morris Day and The Time.

Favorite cut: "Blondie"

Rating: A-

Lip Smackin' Good!

Brian Morgante

All hail Susan Sarandon, Hollywood's new, reigning Blow Job Queen. In good projects (*The Witches of Eastwick*) and bad in bad projects (*Sweetheart's Dance*) Sarandon has finally gotten a great part with a fully sexual core — and she doesn't have to wear Ron Shelton's Red, White and Blue panties (*Red Durham*). Or any panties at all!

The story of a romance between a 43-year old White Castle cashier and a 27-year old Jewish yuppie, the movie would have been much better if the psychological layers had been eliminated: It is an insult to the cast and the audience when the passionate, illicit romance is explained by his being a widower and her being in mourning for a dead son. Susan Sarandon forgoes all vanity and modesty; the cock-hungry slut she plays is such a full, resonant character that she overwhelms the picture in the first ten minutes. Spader is angst-ridden as usual but his pained remoteness is a great foil for Sarandon's exuberance. Their first scenes are so effective that they convey 65 minutes of exposition in ten. (NOT THAT their director, Luis Mandoki, has noticed; he painstakingly provides the redundant, unnecessary, expository details. One's neat, one's sloppy; one's impulsive, one's controlled, etc.)

Though the movie never fully recovers the charge of the opening sequences, Sarandon's daring performance holds you rapt. Her extended drunken come-on to James Spader may be the best scene she has ever played: They meet and talk at a bar, she propositions him with

both hands, he gets up to go, she asks why, he replies that his wife died in a car accident, and Sarandon laughs uproariously. The actress is not afraid to have the audience dislike her, or disdain her. In the next scene where she rouses the slumbering Spader, the avidity with which her head bobs up and down is startling, and more erotic than anything in the "X"-threatened *Henry and June*.

For the viewer, it's shocking to see a name actress unabashedly enjoying giving head in a mainstream Hollywood movie. (She gets more pleasure from the act than Spader, and Sarandon doesn't try to hide, downplay, distance, politicize or sanitize her character's joy in cocksucking. Maybe this is why Sarandon is so firmly committed to ACT UP.)

To get her crown, Sarandon dethroned Melanie Griffith's Lulu/Audrey in *Something Wild*. While Griffith's iguana is technically more skilled than Sarandon's piston, Queen Sarandon's cocksucking is open, progressive and democratic (it calls up visions of Whitman democracy) whereas Griffith's Lulu has a potentially destructive element (remember that her Lulu has amoral roots in Pabs/Louise Brooks and originally in *Wedekind*). The turn-on for Melanie Griffith's Lulu was Charles Driggs; Sarandon's Nora enjoys the act, not the conquest, and would put forth an effort regardless of whom she was with. This is not necessarily incompatible with a feminist reading: anyone Sarandon has decided to have sex with is worthy of her best efforts. Perhaps Sarandon's zeal results from her Catholic character's first meeting with a diamond cutter.

Die Screaming at Lee's Palace

John Anderson

Die Screaming deserves to be on the cover of Rolling Stone.

Now that I have your attention, I'll describe this concert from the beginning. I went because I didn't have much else to do, and was taken aback, yet impressed with, the first opening band, Crawl/Child. This group consisted of one guy behind a stack of synthesizers, one guy behind a few old drums and sheets of metal, and one guy with a microphone and a gadget to distort his voice. Their fifteen-minute performance seemed like a jam session/nuclear assault, but I'm sure that parts of it were rehearsed. A couple of people left the club at this point, and a couple of people were really enjoying it. I liked it because these three guys were performing just because they wanted to. The singer screamed incoherently, the computer guy created strange sounds and the other guy pounded away on the metal objects. Sincerity was a big part of it, and that's how it should be for all art.

The second band, Masochistic Religion, is just Mitch (from Beyond the Gates of Hell — remember the article last issue?). His music sounds like the stage name suggests:

Slow, tormenting, and goth.

Die Screaming was quite a change from Mitch, and not what I was expecting. I guess I was expecting an industrial thrash sort of thing, and while Die Screaming do sound like that, they are a lot more interesting because of the singer, who is like a combination of Tom Waits, Peter Murphy, Mr Rogers and maybe Dracula. His name, I think, is Gord Disley. Clad only in black tights and a bandana, he writhed and pranced about, crawled under the guitarist's legs, all the time singing about the "thrill of the kill" and so on. He adopted different voices, sometimes sounding like a little girl: "Daddy, I'm scared. . . ." The immobility of the guitarist was made up for by the singer's antics and the bassist's dancing. Die Screaming is a serious band only in the sense that it is seriously a band; otherwise, they put on one of the most interesting and humorous concerts I have seen. They alive a tape for sale, but it does not convey their presence like their live show does. It does, however, come with a neat sticker.

Wild Strawberries: An update.

On a completely different note, a lot of people are asking me, "John, exactly what have the Wild

Strawberries won in this CFNY talent search? Have they won a CASBY award? When's their next concert? What is 7.5% financing? Where is Tirol? Be concise." So in this issue I will answer some of these questions.

Wild Strawberries, that excellent band whose influences include Ingmar Bergman and Flannery O'Connor, are nominated for "fave unsigned act" for the CASBY awards. The winners are decided on November 8.

Wild Strawberries are one of the top ten "grand prize winners" in the CFNY Modern Rock Talent Search. They have won an Atari ST computer, and various music software and synthesizers worth about \$2000. They played at the "modern music showcase" at the Copa on October 21st, and put on quite a good show, but they put on an even better show, maybe their best, at Lee's Palace on October 23rd. One of the highlights was Ken saying that the key word for the weekend was "gastrintestinal." I don't know when they are playing next, but try to see them; they are one of the only bands that act exactly like they are and do not affect a pose.

That's the end of the article. Bye.



Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael: This film is the opposite of high concept moviemaking: it is an audience-less picture. Coming-of-age movies about teen lesbians appeal to a narrow audience, and *Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael* alienates its core viewers by resolving its heroine's crisis heterosexually. The ending also frustrates liberal polemicists, but ignore them, the boyfriend ending works formally and emotionally. What has been lost in the controversy surrounding the studio decision to cut the overt lesbian scene (a seduction) is Winona Ryder's sensational performance. Her budding lesbian teen nihilism is a quiet but affecting performance, made more powerful by the lack of any sexual release. The silly, returning celebrity guest embodied in the title doesn't register; you step over the dead whimsy and go right to Ryder in every scene. Directed by Jim Abrahams (of *Big Business* and *Zaz* movie fame). With (a glum) Jeff Daniels. --B.M.

Memphis Belle: An incoherent mess. The producer David Putnam wanted forties nostalgia, neither the director, Michael Caton-Jones (of *Scandal*) nor the screenwriter, Catherine Wyley (original director, William's daughter) have a distinct personality, they just try to make Putnam's slim notion credible. Too many actors and too few characters. Plot threads, a dollop of cynicism, a forties newsreel, a dance where Harry Connick Jr. sings (in his contemporary jazz style: academic-funky), nerves, then the bomber crew leaves on its last mission. Then you leave the theatre. The key to comprehending this mess is to recall that it is the producer who is doing the exhaustive publicity tour, and not any of the creative people. Lesson: Pompous film reviewers are easily diverted by a veteran airhead like Putnam. With Matthew Modine and John Lithgow. Even the great cinematographer David Watkin's work here is undistinguished. At Famous Players. --B.M.

Henry and June: Exemplary, but wasted. The flaw in the material is that Anais Nin is the least interesting figure in the story. And with the period resurrected -- it's way beyond reconstruction -- there are even more colourful figures to outshine Anais (e.g. Brassai). Even as the stooge, Nin is outdone by her husband, played superlatively by Richard E. Grant, and by the character played by Kevin Spacey. The female centering of the picture does more harm than just dislodge Henry Miller from his Natural place. The woman-woman sex is pre-lesbian but just seems coy. Perhaps it's because Kaufman is so true to the period: He is breaking taboos, we no longer share. In general, that's the problem with the whole perfectly crafted picture. How can we care -- let alone feel turned on -- about making the revolution Kaufman celebrates when we are familiar with its arrival, growth, decay and current death-throes. Starring Fred Ward, Uma Thurman and Maria de Medeiros. At Cineplex-Odeon. --B.M.



At the Playground

Little child bodies swing to and fro:
Dangling feet and little hands clutching chain.
Attendant Mothers occasionally push,
And little legs kick gleefully.
The peals of laughter are deadened
By the warming misty air,
Or perhaps are carried off the other way
By some delicate breeze.

After a time, they slow and stop
And scamper to the slides;
Little legs stumble wildly
From the big one with the hump, to the twisty one,
To the short wide one, to here and there.

(But barred from the Monkey Bars --
They're for the older kids.)

One by one the little bodies wear down;
Little machines running out of fuel.
Then picked up and placed limply in carriages,
They are wheeled away
Against the backdrop of golden trees
Warmed by the sun which reaches through the lifting mist.

D.S.



HE JUST NEEDED A CHANCE TO THINK THINGS OVER AND FIND HIMSELF.

Maybe, Probably, Perhaps The Best Movie Of The Year (So Far)

Steve Gravestock

Set in Poland during the final years of Stalin's reign, Richard Bugajski's *Interrogation* deals with political internment and persecution in a totalitarian or police state. One night, the security police spirit away Tonia -- a young cabaret performer -- and try to force her to testify against (i.e., tell lies about) a discredited former lover. Tonia is completely apolitical and a bit of a ditz. However, she's much stronger than the party officials think (or she knows) and she refuses to sign statements. They torture her and she resists heroically.

Like his countryman Krystoff Kieslowski, Bugajski never lets up: *Interrogation* is almost unbearably intense. This intensity comes partially from his shifting approach to the material, which allows him to consistently intensify the dramatic impact and broaden the film's scope.

The opening scenes are shot and edited scruffily with Tonia drunkenly wriggling her ass across Poland with her cabaret troupe. (Her big number is something about a chickadee who's naughty and nice.) The sudden shift to a Kafkaesque nightmare when she's arrested seems all the more intense because of the juxtaposition. (The chief interrogator could have lurched off the pages of Kafka's *Trial*.) Later, Bugajski shifts into melodrama, setting loyal lifeforce Tonia against everyone, including some of her cell mates. The film blooms into a resonant drama with full characters when Bugajski reveals that one of Tonia's interrogators is disgusted by his own actions.

By humanizing him, Bugajski makes the criticism systematic: we get a sense of the full cost of this type of system for everyone concerned and what it's like to be caught in it from both perspectives. The jailer becomes dehumanized by his role too. Bugajski never makes the error of presenting the jailer totally sympathetically: the guy's always perceived as a bit of a weasel and we always empathize completely with Tonia. But Bugajski never lets us see anyone or anything in black and white, complacent terms.

Bugajski's rigorously intelligent approach to the material is also evident in the way he structures and designs *Interrogation* after Dreyer's *Passion of Joan*, perhaps the greatest film about persecution ever made. Bugajski shoots Krystyna Janda the same way Dreyer shot Falconetti, whom Janda bears a striking resemblance to. There's also one guilt-ridden interrogator -- like Artaud -- and one incredibly cruel one. A lesser director would probably coast on the references and let the movie turn coy and self-reflexive. Bugajski doesn't employ Dreyer's techniques to score easy points; he uses them because they're the most appropriate. However, because Bugajski treats Dreyer's classic with such respect, some of your admiration for the earlier film will probably colour (positively) your response to *Interrogation*. The film never turns religious or metaphysical; it does

operate on a Catholic framework, foregrounding moral choices, but this never becomes explicit. In Bugajski's Tonia, you also recognize the same dignity you see in Dreyer's Joan. (Falconetti's performance is easily one of the greatest ever committed to film, by the way, and Janda's work here deserves comparison to it.)

Interrogation takes a humanist stance. It judges the system according to the way it treats individuals. However, it doesn't float in an ahistorical or apolitical vacuum. The events are rooted in and characteristic of Communist totalitarianism. One of Tonia's cellmates, a devout Communist, breezily explains how she unknowingly spied for the Americans and that she must be considered a spy for the good of the country. One of her jailers, trying to justify his actions and the whole process, persistently preaches at Tonia, telling her that she must have a cause to give her life meaning. You know he doesn't believe this because of the desperation in his voice. You also know he wants to believe it. These types of insane rationalizations or internalizations are characteristic of totalitarianism (which if course can only happen in Communist regimes). Ideology and fear coerce or force people to commit acts they normally wouldn't.

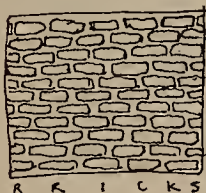
The specificity, by the way, places the work at least partially outside ideology. The film doesn't criticize socialist thought, it attacks totalitarianism, specifically the Stalinist variety. If you feel uncomfortable with this film and still feel comfortable referring to yourself as a leftist, God help us and you. (By personalizing events, Bugajski also lifts the film outside ideology. Like Renoir, Bugajski is painfully aware of human failings and incapable of ideological rigidity.)

The film's not so rooted in specifics that it's politically irrelevant. It says a lot about persecution which is common in South Africa and South American police states, and, more importantly, Tonia's dignity and what the film says about human failings is universal.

Unfortunately, *Interrogation* probably won't even be the art-house success it deserves to be. (Apparently, the film's already closed in New York.) It's too perfectly done and probably too intelligent. Audiences preferred *Cry Freedom*'s melodrama to *A World Apart*'s intellectual and political rigour. *Interrogation* doesn't add anything to our understanding of police states and persecution -- it simply encapsulates what we know in a brilliantly crafted, intense work of art -- so it won't have the appeal of something that claims new revelations. In addition, recent events in Europe may cause audiences to see the film as hopelessly dated, a historical curiosity. (Ironically, the same developments that allowed the film to be released may crush its commercial appeal though, as I've pointed out, the movie speaks about police states in general and political persecution isn't exactly an extinct

disaster. Ask Amnesty International.)

The film is also an aesthetic anomaly. Most of the other good films released this year have been rather lightweight; *Interrogation* is about the only truly good one with, for want of a better term, high seriousness. It also carries a moral imperative. For those unfamiliar with the film's history, it was banned in Poland for eight years, Bugajski smuggled videotape copies out when he immigrated to Canada, it was finally released this year, and sent to Cannes as Poland's official entry where Janda (deservedly) won the best actress prize. To pass on it or neglect it would be tantamount to letting Bugajski's and Tonia's tormenters off scott-free.



There are, of course, other, nastier reasons why the movie may be neglected. North American leftists and sometimes bohemians shied away from criticizing Communism in the 40's and 50's and they're still rather edgy about discussing Stalinism. (Remember the scandal in the early 80's about Susan Sontag's claim that Reader's Digest readers were better informed about Stalinist abuses than New Republic or Nation readers?) It doesn't help that the current leftist generation has inherited a huge amount of misinformation (if any at all) about the whole phenomenon. A The Village Voice writer complained about how irrationally the secret police behave in the movie, though I'm sure he's quite familiar with some of the more crack-pot FBI-CIA plots and would at least accept an absurdist version of them. Our own Varsity rushed to separate the movie from its historical context, claiming it wasn't a criticism of "Communism or Fascism or even Western capitalism." It protests the failure of the individual to question the system. The connotations of this statement are almost too ugly to deal with, though I'd like to ask the reviewer if she thinks an apolitical black worker in South Africa who experiences political persecution should be criticized for failing to criticize the system. Incidentally, Tonia is presented as apolitical in order to show that Stalinist purges intentionally didn't distinguish between those who were politically active and those who weren't. By threatening and executing those behind the purge strengthened their position immeasurably; it's rather hard to criticize the system, organize committees, or write for papers when you're constantly scared shitless.



Crash and Burn: Charles Band, who produced and scored several of video legend Stuart Gordon's films, makes a giant leap forward as a director with this sci-fi thriller. Last time out, he botched a great project. A gothic starring the exquisite, constantly misused Sherrylin Fenn, *Meridian* opened shetily and went downhill from there.

Crash and Burn, as a project, is far less promising. It's just another Orwellian nightmare, the kind of movie that's been clogging up the racks at video stores for a long time. However, the filmmakers never ask you to take the hackneyed "ideas" seriously; they just expect you to enjoy their craft. The suspense scenes are very effectively edited and shot. There's nothing baggy or ill-timed in them. (Technically, it's light years ahead of the showy, rock video pyrotechnics of *Hardware* because it never once tries to bludgeon you.)

The performances are uniformly fine. Paul Ganz, as the hero, does what Tom Selleck dreams of: he brings credibility and authority to a clichéd role. As the teenage heroine, who's a mechanical wizard and who's anxious to grow up fast, Megan Ward seems naturally suited to work in film. There's energy and not one false note in her performance. As a futuristic school teacher, Eva La Rue has an attractive way of metamorphosing from one scene to the next.

Written by J.S. Cardone. Available only on video. -- S.G.

Narrow Margin: This thriller casts Gene Hackman as a deputy D.A. who must haul a reluctant witness (Anne Archer) from Canada back to L.A. via train. He wants her to testify against a prominent, slippery gangster while she simply wants to survive. Unfortunately, there are three contract killers (one unknown) aboard and someone on the take in the D.A.'s department. (Consequently, they're unable to call for help.)

Rather incompetently made -- there's precious little suspense -- the movie's full of glaring gaps in logic. For example, Hackman keeps putting Archer in danger by walking around the train, risking exposing her whereabouts to the killers. Writer-director Peter Hyams seems to have misunderstood his star's skills and appeal: Hackman's reputation and popularity are based on his portrayals of average men, not stupid ones.

For Canadians, there are several great gaffes. The establishing shot of Canada has mountain goats grazing in the Rockies; the train the characters ride displays the VIA logo prominently; the moment Canadian actress Susan Hogan shows up you know her function has to be one of two things -- she's a Canadian in an American film after all -- and your awareness doesn't exactly add to the suspense.

The movie sits comfortably with you, however; it's so firmly stuck in formula its mistakes feel rather reassuring. Every once in a while there's a slight trace of menace and, though he never does anything spectacular or even particularly interesting, Hackman soldiers through the enterprise diligently and his craftsmanship prevents the movie from sinking too low. Anne Archer is her usual beautiful, lackluster self. Anyway, you can't really dislike a movie that raises the question: how come people only stand calmly atop trains in Hollywood flicks?

Written and directed by Peter Hyams. With M. Emmet Walsh, and James B. Sicking. -- S.G.

Seashell

the earth without our love
redhaired aphrodite on the mountain topped
by those feathered apples, shadowless throughout

oceanlike, sardonically fumed plume or spume
with dream of twined bloodful hands

godhead of reality, blue
exotic millstones gravitating in a fraudulent manner
until the beautiful willows insanely kiss the curled
rivulets of odd cognizance -- improperly inclined psyche
barearmed, shoeless wonder.

John Anderson

Foaming Coral Orange

the felty lineaments of the singers face
milky reflections of eternity in the jungle ocean
the silky eye in the moon over the mountain
gazing our view, glowing the landscape dome and
watering the rapid rocks that cajole the broken eggshells
bursting with rainbow flags across this clear eye window
a silky window jilted with billowing midnight fires
fallen clouds frown fish voices freed
while the singing skin and dying
lips melt.

John Anderson



Sonic Dead vs. the Generation of Slime

Blitz

Let's talk about the plague that's swept North America for at least the past fifty years. It's not AIDS, it's not the GST: It's LCD (Lowest Common Denominator). It's the plague that attacks your brain instead of your body; it's the plague that turns humour to flippancy, participation to observation, and food into a big, greasy Big Mac. It's the replacement of "good" with "good enough", the "I only work here" mentality. It's reached its peak in the medium of TV, which most of you allow to suck hours a day from your life. And know what its cause is? The feeling of being powerless. The only rules you follow blindly are the ones that are given to you by others, and unfortunately most people think those are the only ones there are.

My friend Simone said once that the idea of seeing one's life as a work of art has died out. Although my life only extends back to 1968, I think she may be right. Instead of seeing ourselves as artists, we see ourselves as robots. And, worst of all, we don't even have any idea of who is controlling us. Mass culture, that cancerous concept, has so sickened us that we are controlled by nothing more concrete than "the people", which presumably includes ourselves, yet we as individuals have no say. We are Them: The general rules at the expense of the particular.

So naturally, this makes us feel weak, powerful only by grace of the Crowd when we go along with it. But what is "it"? The Crowd does not exist except in generalities; it's a statistic, it's a symbol without a referent. It's fucking Black Magic and it's got you by the balls (or female equivalent).

Given this "blind idiot gods" (as Lovecraft put it) composition, it's only natural that it hates individualism. Politically, it's manifested as both fascism and communism, and everything in between, because it loves government of any kind. It hates art, though, because true, free art is a direct

communicate from one soul (the artist's) to another (yours). However, the urge to create art seems to be universal in humans, so the crowd responds with those magic words, L.C.D. It can't stop people from singing, but it can try to stop them from singing about anything meaningful. It can't stop you from dancing, but it can stop you from dancing to anything deeper than "baby grunt fuck", by convincing you that "it's got a good beat" and that's all that counts. Likewise, it turns making love to fucking by convincing you that the "sneeze of the loins" (to quote Shakespeare) is all that sex is about. It's into literalism, and it's into the idea that bare physical facts can inevitably produce desired emotional and spiritual responses. It thinks you're too dumb to see through this, and I'm afraid you're proving it right. By backing St Paul, this spirit turned the Christian church into the rigid, mechanical zombie that it is, the great dream of liberty and humanity. It turned the United States from the path that anarcho-capitalists like Jefferson had envisioned, and people like Whitman and Kerouac followed, to a place where villainous scum like George Bush could have more concern for oil companies than its citizens, and get away with it.

I mean, look around you. Look at the willingness to settle for less than the best that is so common. Look at the music you listen to, arguably the worst, most vapid, most deceitful music ever produced. There is no beauty, not even the beauty of simple yet heartfelt emotion, in Madonna. She is a mass culture icon and thus almost by definition worthless. And yet -- here's where I finally get to the point -- Sonic Youth, arguably one of the most inventive and honest bands around, put out an album (under the name Ciccone Youth) of covers of her songs. They wrote a song about Karen Carpenter being up in heaven for the new album, *Goo*. Why?

Well, I think it's partly because they're honest. They, like everyone, are surrounded by mass culture, and

it does have an effect on them. They admit this, and simultaneously use it to transcend itself. Is modern pop lacking in beauty? Then why not make it as dissonant, as obviously lacking (rather than hiding the lack behind glossy production) in "beauty" as possible, and at the same time write a new and different beauty from it. There is nothing so foul that it cannot be redeemed by a sufficiently talented artist: Sonic Youth prove that. They are turning mass culture against itself (the same goal, albeit through radically different methods, as Jonathan Richman) and using it as a vehicle for enlightenment. They've found a diamond lurking in the shit-encrusted sewers of our society, and they'll show it to anyone open enough to both accept that our standards are shit and to realize that shit, disgusting as it may be, is good fertilizer. Their recent show at the Great Hall was proof of this; loud, crude, yet eerily beautiful and powerful.

And speaking of beauty (and what else is there to speak of?), let's not forget the other way of combating the necrophilic fat encephalitis that is mass culture. Rather than using it against itself, as Sonic Youth does, you can concentrate on ignoring it, focussing instead on showing life as it should be, and as it can be if you are willing to work for it -- something more than literalism, more pure and more divine than we give everyday life credit for, thanks to the poison of mass culture. This is the approach that the Grateful Dead take, and they've captured it precisely on their new double live album, *Without a Net*, arguably the best official release since 1970's *American Beauty*. The reason it's so good is simply that the Dead have decided to be completely honest. The album sounds just like a really hot show; the vocals are okay at best, there's a fair bit of meandering, the mix is loud and bright -- oh yeah -- there's some phenomenal playing in between the above, easily the most "far out" stuff the Dead have released since *Live Dead*. It sounds like they've given up all

pretences at being what they're not (they've tried everything from country-folk to country-rock to disco to easy listening in the past) and just let people see what they are -- a musical juggernaut that escapes categorization by transcending the notion of categories. The Dead play music, nothing more, nothing less. They make no attempt at perfection, which is ultimately a death-trip; they are a truly live band, more concerned with the journey than the destination, and brave enough to flirt with danger along the way. You don't get to be as good as they are without taking chances, and without making sacrifices, and sometimes they fuck up. But at least they're trying, which is more than can be said for 95% of the bands around nowadays, and when they're hot, there's no-one on the planet who can touch them.

Other stuff you might dig:

*Redd Kross, *Third Eye*: They've finally perfected their retro-attack. This sounds like a combination of the Monkees, the Sweet, the Archies and Meatloaf. Gorgeous tacky fun.

*Jonathan Richman, *Jonathan Goes Country*: Indeed he does. Lotsa pedal steel and songs about horses, Reno and his wife. It's not a great album (for that, check out *Rockin' and Romance* or *Modern Lovers '88*) but it's fun, and the better songs kick.

*Replacements, *All Shook Down*: Paul Westerberg is my dad, so it'd get into nepotism or something if I talked too much about this album. Suffice to say that

- it's not as good as *Don't Tell a Soul*.
- it's still very good
- it's their mellowest yet
- Paul may be starting to grow up
- it's my pick for best release so far this school year.

Further dependent saveth not.

*Soul Asylum, *And the Horse They Rode In On*: Well, it's not bad. It doesn't come up to previous highs (*Made to be Broken*, *Hang Time*) but it does rock, and David Piner's lyrics continue to be among the cleverest and best around.



Reversal of Fortune: The von Bulow case had all the elements for a great movie. Money, glamour, race and some interesting legal issues were involved. At the very least, *Reversal of Fortune* should have been trasibly entertaining. Unfortunately, director Barbet Schroeder doesn't appear to be interested in investigating these issues or any others and he seems particularly determined not to allow any emotion or drama in; upon leaving the theatre, you feel like you've been air-brushed.

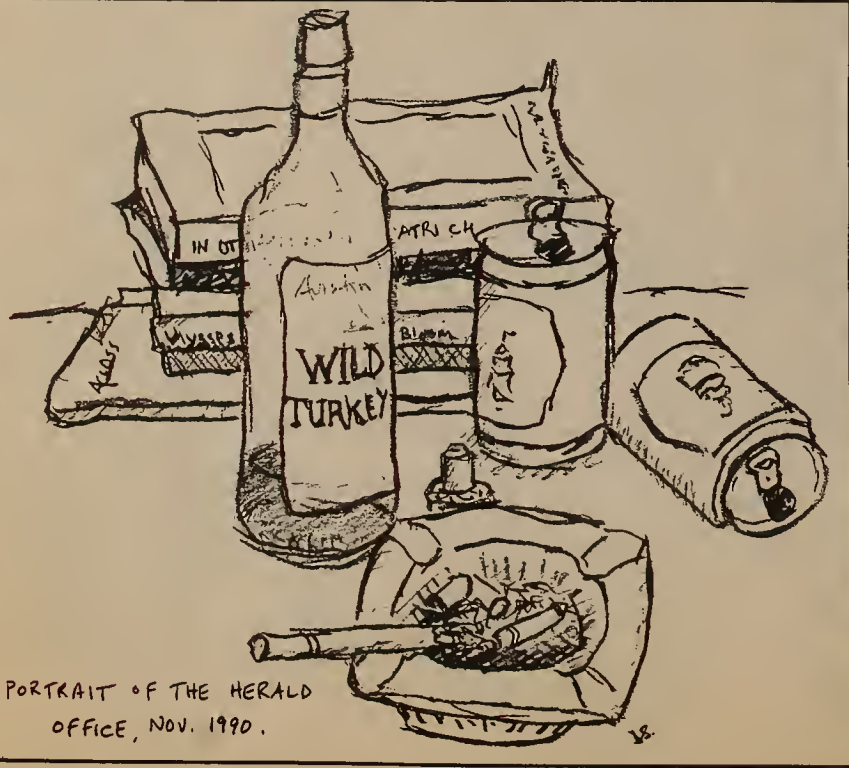
It's true that the script -- which constantly introduces interesting issues and then drops them -- doesn't exactly provide Schroeder with much to work with, but a real director would have tried to work in something. I'm not sure whether the scenarist is entirely responsible for the film's device -- Sunny speaks to us from her coma -- since it's obviously been added to give Glenn Close something to do.

Jeremy Irons provides the only consistent spark, playing Claus as a cross between a matinee idol and Mr. Freeze. Fisher Stevens as a smarmy potential witness also does good work, while Christine Baranski and Anabella Sciorra (from *True Love*) make immediate connections with the audience. They keep popping up and reminding us what the film could have been. Written by Nicholas Kazan. Cinematography by Luciano Tovoli. At Famous Players. --S.G.

Bethune: Despite the lousy reviews it's received, *Bethune: the Making of a Hero* is actually very good. The production ran into all sorts of trouble and was ultimately re-edited by the producers, or rather virtuoso editor Angelo Corrao. (He did Bruce Weber's sensational *Let's Get Lost*.) Though people have complained about the time shifts, the editing adds immeasurably to the film's impact. Instead of a boring, chronological epic with slogans we get a psychological portrait of a driven, arrogant man and a real sense of the time he lived in. An actor's actor and the Canadian equivalent of Sean Connery or Gene Hackman, Donald Sutherland has been waiting to play Bethune -- the Canadian doctor who brought modern medical procedures to Mao's China -- for a long time and he delivers a powerful, careful performance.

The critics who've attacked the movie have substituted gossip -- everyone complained about everybody else involved -- for criticism. They're also operating on rather suspect aesthetic principles. Praising the weakest scene in the movie, Toronto Star critic Peter Goddard claims that there must have been a real director behind it and adds, "I hope it was Borso." In other words, if it wasn't Borso's footage it couldn't have been good. Is Goddard so intent on fetishizing the director's role that he can't see the contradictions in this statement?

With Helen Mirren, Helen Shaver. Directed by Phillip Borso, written by Ted Allen, edited by Angelo Corrao. Cinematography by Roger Pratt, Mike Malloy, Raoul Coutard and Michel Brault. --S.G.



PORTRAIT OF THE HERALD
OFFICE, NOV. 1990.



Moody TV : Moody Me

Jenny Friedland

In days of yore a mood ring was all I really wanted. I didn't get one, of course, because mood rings were a little like sea monkeys and you couldn't find them at Beckers, but some kids managed to get one and that irked me bad. I'm positive that if I'd had one I wouldn't have had to go around with the boy that barked like a dog on command. I'd have had my pick out of all those prepubescent, swinging grade sixers and probably, though one never knows, I wouldn't have grown up to be quite so neurotic.

Now, as I proceed along my hundredth year of undergraduate studies, I find I no longer desire a mood ring. After all, I have a TV. Sure, those mood rings were cool but it's not as if they actually worked, and sometimes they even clashed quite outrageously with the jumpsuit you were wearing that day. (When that happened I always thought that for sure the guys would notice and Miss Moody Ring would be instantly dumped or left to play truth or dare with the barker. But they never did notice and that's when I first learned how unfair life can be and that boys don't understand colours.) Television, however, is different. Since you don't wear it on your finger, you never have to worry about the colour thing, and, let me just say, it's a better mood gauge than any crackerjack ring could ever hope to be.

For example, today I was sitting on my couch reading some Donne for an essay that, for all I know, was due last week, when all of a sudden I found that I had turned on the TV

and was watching *Superboy*. Now this is possibly the dumbest show around (next to *Who's the Boss?*) but I was so intrigued that I am quite certain I will arrange to be home at the same time next week to watch the conclusion (in which *Superboy* enters another dimension and encounters his self that might have been: *Supereoolboy*). And you may conclude as you wish when I tell you that I just happened to watch the show last week as well. Perhaps you find this admirable. I find it perverted.

I like to come home to watch *Cheers* also. That's not inexcusable, however, since it's the most consistently funny show around but let's face it, I've seen them all before and I still make sure I'm home to watch back to back episodes from four to five o'clock. And I'd watch it at seven-thirty too, if *Jeopardy* wasn't on then. Heck, I've got to get my learning from somewhere.

Then of course I am absolutely home for *Knots Landing* because it is my most favourite show. Granted, the season didn't begin very promisingly but what with Danny dead now, and Greg's nasty liver infection threatening to end his life before he ever beds Paige again, and new guy Nick's most tasteful Italian suits, you can't ask for a juicier show. And if it's true that Val Ewing bought the farm then there's no excuse at all for not watching. She was a most repulsive character whose outfits were tasteless, rude and offensive, and whose hair somehow managed to be worse. For more than a decade now we've been waiting for her to fall out of a window or down the stairs and finally, perhaps, our prayers are

being answered. Last week she didn't return from a picnic. The twins were frantic. Gary seemed dismayed.

Yet I believe the point I was trying to make before becoming engrossed in that little telesynopsis is that there are certain shows I am always prepared to watch regardless of my mood. It becomes quite revealing, however, when I find myself watching whatever is on before, after and between the shows I actually like. Let us take six o'clock as an example. Since my converter is broken I would actually have to stand up in order not to watch *Eyewitness News* after *Cheers*. But sometimes I don't stand up and that's when I know that my mood is so lousy that even Irv can't bring me down. Supposing, however, that my mood is lousy but I've had a lot of coffee and need to jump around a little, then I might bounce over to the TV and turn to *Growing Pains* where I find that Kirk Cameron is really beginning to grow into his looks. During commercials I sometimes ask myself if this is a productive way to spend my time and I contemplate making dinner or, more likely, reservations, but then the show is back on and I'm helpless. How could I not find out whether Michael will let down his family and refuse to bowl with them?

This is why people that know me don't ask how I'm doing but rather what I've been watching. And if you still don't understand, then let me just say that I know it's November and that I have a hundred essays to write when I don't get up to change the channel after *Jeopardy* and find myself watching the Italian news.



To Her

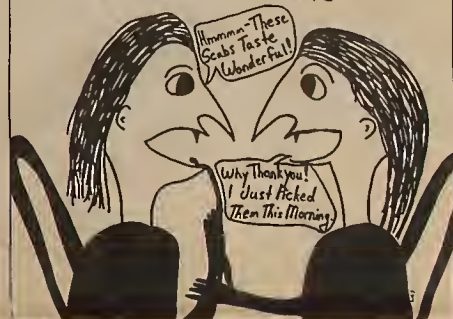
I hear a cry from the silvery Moon
dashing across the night sky,
drifting by its sails on unforgetten path:
tread by weary souls. I stand,
unannounced, uncaring, unaccepted,
and take my sordid pathway.

The Earth and the Sky
call out her name. To be
cleansed with an atmospheric shock of
unheard voices.
The carriage of my heart.
In my soul it lies waiting.
Waiting for someone to hold.

What life was meant to be,
and what life is all about.
What love was meant to be,
and can be
forever more.

Toshiya Kuwabara

Monster Manners



Neil Young Enjoys Ragged Glory

Rick Campbell

How do I write this? I've always said that record reviews are a waste of time. Let's say that this enormous box set of Led Zeppelin is coming out all personally re-mixed by Jimmy Page at an enormous cost of time and effort. It has? Oh. Let's say you already have all the Zep albums. Are you going to be stupid enough to shell out money to get stuff you've already got? Well if you're a major Zep fan, you probably will. You are probably excited about the possibility of this tour coming up and will go to see your heroes in the Dome. Can you imagine what the sound will be like? I saw Page at Knebworth and his guitar sound was wretched. Put a money-losing garbage can around that sound and you've got real problems. (Was it my imagination or did Plant's guitarist blow Page off the stage?) And just so that today's untrampled youth, who were in diapers when Robert Plant first sprayed on a pair of jeans and struck a banana down them, can say they saw the band? Nahh... so Pagey and Percy can fill their coffers! Ticket prices will make the Stones' prices last year look like they were complimentary. But you will go, won't you? How else can you see someone your dad's age parade around like a sex-god? (Well, there's Aerosmith.)

Here's my point. About ten years ago, Young put out a three album retrospective called *Decade* that, with the exception of two numbers, was previously released material. I had, at the time, all the Neil Young albums. I still bought this set. Why? Groovy cover art? Nope. To get more pictures of my hero? Give me a break. That's a face only a sportsviewer could love! Then what? I bought *Decade* because I was in a trap. I was stuck. I was in this for the long haul. When you start

something, you might as well see it through. (Ever play *Decade* from start to finish? I did once. It takes over three hours! Don't try this alone.) Do you think a record review would have changed my mind?

Neil had put out one more titanic album (one the public was gullible enough to buy in numbers not seen since *Harvest* thus causing the re-release of previously deleted albums -- the fools!) called *Rust Never Sleeps* and then proceeded to put out about ten year's worth of trash: *Reactor*, *Trans*, *Hawks and Doves*, all of which looked good compared to *Everybody's Rockin'* and *Landing on Water* (hands down the worst album of the eighties -- no small feat). I was temporarily free! I did not buy any of these records. Somebody gave me *Trans* because they had bought it expecting *After the Goldrush* and couldn't stand it ("Here, you like Neil Young, right? Take it!"), and some of the tracks on the others ended up as filler on tapes I never play (Springsteen, Dire Straits). I was free to listen to music that really mattered, like *Zodiac Mindwarp* and *Nancy Sinara*.

Then, whatever screw that was loose in Young's mind was mysteriously loosened even more! He put out a blues album (hah!) that won best ethnic record at the Bay Area Music Awards. (Well, he is Canadian, but I still say the thing was rigged.) He won best video at the MTV awards even though MTV had refused to show it because he trashed their sponsors in it. Then he went too far. THEN he put out an album that was almost an hour long! *Freedom* was a monster hit. People who I had previously thought as having better sense were walking around Innis singing in whiney voices, "Keep on rockin' in the free world!" (a college principle should show more decorum). The Herald's Environment Editor was

quoting him in her articles! And as for me? I bought the damn thing. I was pissed out of my mind and we were driving by Sam The Neil Young Man. I has Alysia pull over and ran in and bought it the day the album came out! You're right, alcohol is no excuse. I had just seen the guy at Kingswood. I didn't know who I was or what I was doing. It wasn't me. It was Rob Sharples. It was Keith Denning. It was Jenny Friedland! It was Bart Testal!

Never mind. Mea culpa. I even played it a few times. People asked me to tape it for them. I obliged me to tape Young from stealing people's money. But it was too late. Ten years later Neil Young is on top of the rock 'n' roll slag heap again and in the meantime the Replacements, the Bad Brains, Voivod, Shake Appeal and Mariah Carey must suffer through geriatric rags like Rolling Stone calling him "the king of rock 'n' roll". Elvis rolls in his grave. Chuck Berry considers suing. Jerry Lee Lewis cleans his gun. I sit in awe. Really? the King? Not again. We went all through this in 1979! Do I have to paint a sign and haunt record stores? (Turn back all ye who value your ears!) Nope. We gotta cross the river Styx (Dennis DeYoung -- yuk!) and... what's the name of the ferryman across the Styx? Charo, right? Or Cher? ... anyway... and listen to this new album that people are saying is Neil's first with Crazy Horse in ten years. LIES!! He did *Reactor* in 1982 with Crazy Horse! He did *Life* with Crazy Horse in 1987! This is just the first one in ten years we've all been stupid enough to put money down on. Think of the GST! If you're going to waste your cash, do it before Christmas! Anyway since record reviews are a joke, I won't try and sell you one way or the other. Besides, it's lonely down

here with only Mark Gilbert and the odd lunatic I meet at Dead shows to commiserate with me. Here's what you need to know:

Ragged Glory is a return to the sound of *Zuma*. It opens with a song that was actually written around 1976, "Country Home". There is much extended jamming even on songs that don't deserve extended jamming because Neil wants to bring extended jamming back to music (years of hard work by the Dead down the drain; Wynton Marsalis hangs up his trumpet). There is not one single acoustic or folksy song on the record. The album is loud. Some of the harmony vocals remind me too much of the Eagles but they stole all that from Neil and CSN anyway. The Eagles were never this dissonant or bloody-minded. The songs deal with aging and love -- in other words, no new topics but a less political record than his last, with the exception of the song "Natural Anthem", the melody of which has been ripped off of an old folk song

(U2 used this melody on "Van Damme's Land" -- musicians love Public Domain). Two of the songs are over ten minutes long! Both of them have only about two verses! If you've heard *Rust Never Sleeps* (side two) or any Crazy Horse record you're in the same ballpark. The album rocks. It is about an hour long! It takes up about three-quarters of a ninety-minute tape. If you bring this album to any party where people like to dance you will be the drag of the party. If you bring it to a party where a lot of seventies-style metal and Pink Floyd is being played, and there are a lot of guys smoking, drinking beer and playing air guitar, don't waste your time. The album will already be there. I have not bought this album yet. I have taped it. Do I like it? Sigh!

The record is gear. Sorry this took so long.

You have been warned. By the way, I picked up *Reactor* last week. C'mon man, it was only three bucks!



Action Lies in the Hands of the Administration

K. Hortopan

On October 23, 1990, in the debates room at Hart House, a press conference was held for the release of the University of Toronto Green Master Plan.

The "Green Plan" is a 134 page document examining environmental practices/attitudes at the University of Toronto. The Green Plan is a combined effort of the Ontario Public Interest Research Group (OPIRG) and the University of Toronto Environmentalist Coalition (UTEC). The plan is the result of a five month study undertaken over the past summer by seven researchers hired by OPIRG and UTEC on a grant from the Environmental Youth Corps. There are three basic reasons for the plan: 1) U of T is a leader of education and should be a leader in environmental issues; 2) U of T is internationally recognized and respected and thus has a significant moral and ethical role to fulfill in areas of environmental impact; 3) there are sixty-thousand staff, faculty and students at U of T, thus U of T should set a community example.

The Green Plan focusses on six areas of environmental concern: Reduction and Reuse, Recycling, Hazardous and Toxic Substances, Energy Conservation, Food Issues and the Mug Campaign. Each area has been thoroughly researched. Consequently, the Plan offers history, descriptive details and recommendations for change regarding each issue. All recommendations are achievable. The University of Toronto Green Master Plan is the catalyst for environmental action on all three of our campuses.

Present at the press conference were: Gordon Cressy, Vice-President of U of T; Jack Layton and

Georgianna Boehnke, coordinators of the Green Plan; the researchers Losang Ragby, Sandhya Tulsiani, Frankie Wood, Shelagh Sturtridge, Txeopah Berman, Cathy Kun and Noreen Poetschke; Matt Wood, co-chair of UTEC and facilitator Maury Mason.

Jack Layton encourages the Green Plan. He spoke of the University's impact on the city of Toronto as "very significant. U of T is one of the few places in Toronto that is a work place and has 'green space'". Regarding the Plan, he also said, "the suggestions in the Plan are practical. U of T should set an example and participate in research as to what we should do for the environment." Layton then suggested that OPIRG and UTEC make a presentation of the Plan to City Council to show how a community can tackle environmental problems.

Gordon Cressy represented the University of Toronto Governing Council's response to the Green Plan. He was a mass of contradictions. His opening remarks were that the Plan "is a report of substance not image." He implied that the Council may be supportive of the Plan, but he refused to make an outright statement of support on the Council's behalf because they did not have ample time to review and discuss the Plan. Yet later he said, "I would be pleased to meet with researchers to get along with implementation." What Cressy did emphasize (continuously) was that the Waste Reduction Advisory Group was already working on these issues except for parking and hazardous wastes. Although their intentions are good, (this reporter was informed that) the Advisory Group is not an action group and are not equipped to deal with the Plan or the crucial issues. One of the student members of the Advisory

Group was shocked by the ignorance of the committee members about environmental awareness.

Obviously, a Plan is of no benefit if there is no means of implementation. OPIRG and UTEC want a committee set up by the administration to be comprised of students, staff, faculty and administration. They would like to ensure that students have some authority in these issues. This committee would work on the implementation of the Plan, including costs, sources of funding, etc. It is also requested that a full-time staff is hired to devote their full attention to the Plan. Georgianna Boehnke said, "the administration can learn a lot from students" and, "it is a right of the students to have a voice."

Questions from the press brought forth some interesting facts:

*There is a committee at U of T that is dealing specifically with the problems of parking. They hired a consultant to study the parking problem. The maximum cost of the study is \$45,000. (And they complain about shortage of funds?)

*It is the personal opinion of Mr Cressy that the University's five-year payback stipulation should not be difficult to overrule: "It is not a crucial policy." What is implemented comes down to a matter of priority.

*U of T has approached the city of Toronto about recycling twice before and was turned down. Jack Layton was shocked and said he would investigate this.

The Green Plan is now being printed for distribution to the various libraries on the U of T campuses. If you are interested in finding out more about the Green Plan contact OPIRG or UTEC or look for displays during the next month at Sid Smith.



A Faculty, A Faculty, My Planet for A Faculty

Jackie Gilhooley

U of T's Environmental Studies programme is under fire. Important professors from Zoology, Botany, Forestry, Geology and our own Innis College have been meeting for months now, arguing about Who Should Be In Charge Of It All.

Your humble Triple-E (Ersatz Environmental Editor) extends her apologies for not generating more hard facts and figures for this article. However, after heart-to-heart discussions with several friends in the faculties of the departments in question, she has this to report: Our Environmental Studies programme is a pathetic joke.

It is administered through Innis College, where it is run with the funding equivalent of 1.5 full time professors. Despite the fact that "the environment" has been the top issue of interest in the polls, despite the fact that enrollment in Innis environmental courses (and in the whole programme) has more than tripled in the last three or four years or so, the University has not seen fit to even endow the programme head with a tenure-stream position!

Environmental courses in Geography, Botany, Zoology and other departments have experienced burgeoning enrollments in the last two or three years as well. Now they are all bickering over "control".

Could it be, dear readers, that they are bickering over a great source of funding? Or are they simply concerned for our welfare, wanting to provide us with a decent education?

The general division between the camps seems to be on the question of Scope vs. Science. Naturally, the scientists believe that only they can provide "rigour". They want to produce lots of scientists. They don't think that the hapless undergraduate student body can deal with any sort of multidisciplinary

decision-making without a solid scientific background (science being, of course, the only source of Ultimate Truth). The science folks have more clout as well, having more than 1.5 professors on their side.

The other camp believes that the environmental questions that will face us in the future will be truly multidisciplinary. They want to provide the undergrad Greenie with as many viewpoints and as much objectivity as possible. They would like Economics, Politics, Commerce -- egad, even Philosophy people! -- involved. You can imagine what any self-respecting scientist would say to that.

Personally, I would suggest that it is time that those of us truly affected by this issue make our presence known. I'm sick to death of hundreds of people stuck in tiny classrooms with no air in them because no-one can predict how many people are going to take the course. And I'm sick of seeing excellent professors waste away from overwork and underfunding right before my eyes.

Maybe Environmental Studies doesn't belong in Arts and Science anymore. What if the Science people and the Science people looked at each other and said, "This thing is bigger than both of us"? Call me crazy, but how does this sound to you? "The Faculty of Environmental Studies"? You graduate with a B.Env.

We'll have more on this next issue. In the meantime, how about letting us know what you think? Are you satisfied with your environment-related courses, whatever department they belong to? Write to me care of the Herald (or write the Herald a letter) and drop it off at room 305 (above the pub) at Innis. I'll personally pass on your views on how you'd like to see your tuition dollars spent.

U. OF T.
RECYCLES
PAPER



DO
YOU ?

CONTACT
U. OF T. ENVIRONMENTALIST COUNCIL

The Oncoming Global Heat Wave

Steve Schrupp

The earth is immersed in a liquid, commonly referred to as the atmosphere. This liquid is the life blood of all organisms residing within it. The atmosphere, a soup of chemistry, feeds and nurtures the organisms within it, by carefully distributing the compounds essential for life throughout the globe. These compounds comprising the atmosphere maintain a constant equilibrium with the organisms, and the surface of the planet. This equilibrium, essential for life, has been naturally maintained for millennia. However, with the advent of combustion of fossil fuels, this equilibrium and the life within it is seen by many as being threatened.

Carbon dioxide, a vital substituent of the atmosphere, has been naturally produced in a variety of ways since the beginning of time. Geochemical and geological sources such as volcanoes feed the atmosphere with CO_2 . Other natural contributors of CO_2 are provided via biological sources of respiration, and decomposition. However, with the rise of the industrial revolution a third and significant source of CO_2 has come about -- the combustion of fossil fuels.

This man-made, or rather, anthropogenic, source of carbon dioxide, has reached such levels of production as to effect a shift in the natural equilibrium, an equilibrium which has been carefully maintained by nature in the past. Fossil fuels pose a dilemma for human society. Worldwide, the combustion of coal, oil and natural gas supplies some 88 percent of the energy we purchase and makes much of what we do possible. Yet gases emitted during burning can create a potentially devastating disturbance -- increased global warming caused by the rising levels of carbon dioxide and other so-called greenhouse gases in the atmosphere. Carbon dioxide is emitted whenever fossil fuels are burned. Like other greenhouse gases, it captures heat radiated from the earth and traps it near the surface.

The problem of global warming is difficult to resolve, in part because there is disagreement over how real and dangerous the threat is, and consequently how much money and effort should be devoted to coping with it. Still, it is generally considered that uncertainty should not be an excuse for inaction.

A report on man-made climatic change has been compiled by an authoritative group of scientists. Based on present trends they predict that gases released by mankind will warm the earth by between 0.2 and 0.5 degrees Celsius in each decade of the next century. This rise, faster than any seen in the past 10,000 years, will raise the earth's mean temperature by about 1 degree Celsius by 2025 and 3 degrees

Celsius by the end of the next century, making the globe warmer than it has been for 100,000 years.

As a result of these anthropogenic contributions to the atmosphere, several predictions have been made as to the repercussions the environment will sustain. It is perceived that the level of the warmed seas will rise. More rain will fall in some places, less in others. Some deserts will grow, some tundra will become fertile, some prairies and forests will die. Nobody can say which coral reefs and forests that fail to adapt as temperatures rise will be lost. With respect to food production, current levels of production are seen as being maintained, and might even rise as wheat and rice will flourish on extra carbon dioxide. These changes, much like all ecological changes, take time and cannot yet be seen, but the scientists believe they are already irreversibly under way.

Based on the current rate of production of atmospheric concentration of carbon dioxide, several projections on future concentration of CO_2 which contribute to global warming have been determined by William R. Emanuel of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Mr. Emanuel determined that today's emission rate of close to six gigatons (billions of metric tons) of carbon released as CO_2 per year must drop to about one gigaton per year, roughly a sixth of what it is now, to stabilize the atmospheric concentration. This is a change that is not easily accomplished. Such issues of global warming and the effective control of anthropogenic sources of CO_2 contributing to global warming are about to be launched in Geneva.

The second world climate conference will undertake negotiations on a convention on global warming, to be finalized for signing at an environmental jamboree in Brazil in mid-1992. Competitive alternatives to fossil fuels are decades away and thus don't represent viable solutions. Therefore, technologies to ameliorate the effects of fossil-fuel combustion on global warming must be pursued.

Reduction on CO_2 emissions from fossil fuels have been proposed via three strategies: Exploiting the fuels more efficiently, replacing coal by natural gas, and recovering and sequestering CO_2 emissions. The most important of these options is the potential improvement in areas of efficiency, because it is often economically and environmentally attractive and because the opportunities are plentiful for all uses and for all nations.

The use of natural gas is appealing for various reasons. Combustion of natural gas, which yields mainly methane, provides about 70 percent more energy than coal for each unit of CO_2 produced. Furthermore, natural gas can be burned efficiently

because of the simplicity of gas-handling equipment, because it lacks ash (unburnable material). Moreover, jet engine technology has made possible the development of advanced power generating methods. One such generating method being developed is referred to as ISTIG (intercooled steam-injected gas turbine). The ISTIG process is one whereby natural gas is burned to drive a gas turbine to produce electricity, and the exhaust gases from the turbine are then directed to a boiler to produce steam to be injected into a combustion chamber. Efficiency is further increased by the cooling of combustion air between combustion stages to spin turbine blades.

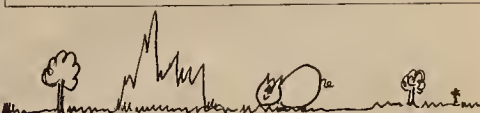
A variation on the theme of ISTIG involves the precombustion catalytic reaction of natural gas with steam to yield H_2 and CO . The chemical energy of the products would be greater than that of the natural gas itself. This proposed variation might yield more than a 52 percent efficiency, as compared to a 33 percent efficiency of typical coal plants.

The pitfall of resorting to the better source of energy in natural gas is that with existing technology, it is estimated that economically recoverable resources of coal would last perhaps 1,500 years and by contrast, reserves of natural gas would last only 120 years. Furthermore, leakage of natural gas during extraction and transport could partially offset the advantage of its use, because methane is a more effective absorber of infrared radiation than is CO_2 , although CO_2 with a resident time in the atmosphere of 5-7 years, is much longer than that of CH_4 .

The conventions proposed by the second world climate conference are ecologically manageable, however, economical manageability is questionable. Furthermore, each country will make special pleas. Japan will moan that it is already frugal; Canada about its cold; India that development will be impossible; Eastern Europe that it is under new management. Perhaps, as a beginning, it would be best for rich nations to agree on a convention, leaving poor countries, which as yet emit fewer greenhouse gases, to shape up more gradually.

Consider the politician, whose political future is determined by a country and people who expect to get richer, invited to sign an international treaty to curtail climatic damage. Now tell him this will commit him to raise the price of energy.

Today's voters may want the best for their children and grandchildren, but this will require financial sacrifices and devotion. Thus, the question of climate negotiators will simply be one of altruism.



For Better or For Worse

Nick Zahariadis

I would like to challenge the readers to bear with me for the next few lines while I talk about an issue that is crying out for attention -- the environment. Yes, the good old "e" word. I will speak not of a trend that has taken over our sanity, though, but will rather discuss it seriously as a topic of nature itself.

A recent event became of great importance to some students -- namely, first year students who take CSC courses and had their first assignment to hand in. It was required that the assignments be handed in on computer printouts, with severities or whatever to prove the correctness or whatever of the computer program. Here I will elaborate on the "whatever" part.

Horde of students printed out their programs with the certainty that they were correct and sound ones. Correct and sound in reference to what? Wastage of paper? Ignorance and irresponsibility? (These are rhetorical questions.)

Mounds of computer paper were wasted by just about everybody for the sake of proving to their instructors that they had a pretty good grasp of the material taught in their course. Can you blame the students, who understood clearly that no print-out meant no mark -- the good old zero? Or should you be pointing at some other source? Yes, the students did make a conscious or unconscious choice to print their assignments several times, just to see what it looked like, before the final product came clean. The PC site in the basement of Robarts became the centre of all this chaos. When one person made an effort to avoid yet another printing, fifteen other people would hold up their print-outs admiringly, taunting the single person with the fruits of their labour. This raises the question: Is ignorance on the e-issue that much widespread among students? Can't we do any better than that? In a few years we will be called upon to produce and give and contribute -- all the buzzwords that come with "society" -- and I suspect that some of us must have already done so, with a bitter or a sweet experience. Generation X is here to make its move towards betterment and we must do so. Why? For the heck of

it, for fun, and because look around you -- we are the ones that should be credited for putting the "mental" in "environmental".

At the same time, let's consider our academic mentors who are not challenging us enough. For example, why couldn't the Computer Science department accept assignments submitted on diskettes or through the electronic network? Why can we pick up assignments through the terminals but not be able to return them that way as well? How many problems would that create? How many would it solve? These are questions I'd like to know the answers to. Any ideas on how to get those affable creatures who inhabit the second floor of the Sandford Fleming Building to reconsider their views and policies? An Innis student would give heart and soul to hear them.

We do not need to worry about tomorrow. It'll be the same as today. The sun will come up, people will wake up and go to work or school, pollute a little more... well, you know the story. We would like to believe that the waste will go... just go, somewhere out of our minds, for example. We've missed the boat for recreating the planet for ourselves. We've got to move on. The need for preservation is imminent. We were passed on certain values, ideas, qualities and advantages by our predecessors, from way back in history. Some have changed, and some have stayed the same. The ones we have preserved that still govern us amaze us by the wisdom they contain, considering that they have survived so many stages of human evolution ("evolution" but not necessarily development).

Let's set a target and make some impact on the generations to come, so that when the values that we pass on to them are handled with respect we will have something else to brag about other than a complete, printed Assignment One.

I would like to challenge the readers to work on the issue that has been crying out for attention, namely our thinking in reference to our rights and privileges on this planet.

The environment is not an issue. Our cognition and recognition of it is an issue -- an ailing one, unfortunately. For now at least...



Grade Eight Prodigy Now at Innis

Jenny Friedland

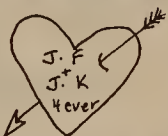
I bought a second hand piano not long ago. Then I went to my parents' house to find all my old music books. They fed me dinner, which was nice, and gave me a couple of bucks for getting an A on a test. When I got home I went through the music, which included a hell of a lot of really bad sheet music like the "Theme from Rockford Files", "A Fifth of Beethoven", and Rod Stewart's "Young Turks", and played everything over and over again until the wee hours of the morning. Then my room-mates suggested that I sell the piano at a profit and my neighbours sent notes. Needless to say, I rarely play it nowadays except when I should be writing an essay, but it's still a cool thing to have and people put their beer on it at parties.

Anyway, in this aforementioned box of music, buried under the entire score from "West Side Story", I found some strange and wonderful things. There was, for an example, half a package of lie n' stic. No stick, though, just the lie. (which was orange). There was also a TV guide from 1981 and various issues of the Beth Tzedec newsletter. The TV guide served as a painful reminder that *Battlestar Galactica* was no longer on, and the newsletters informed me of a lot of bar-mitzvahs that I wasn't invited to. But besides all this, there appeared all my grade eight notebooks. These revealed that there really was a time when I knew long division and that the flowers pollinated by insects usually have long colourful petals. Oh the things one forgets.

Moreover, it seems that I had a tendency in those days to draw the Wizard of Id's wife whenever I could and for this I have no explanation.



It also seems that I was in love with someone whose initials were (and probably still are) J.K.



Furthermore, it appears that I wrote a story. And here it is (mistakes and all):

THE END IS NIGH

As I was walking down the street I noticed many different people with signs or sandwich boards saying that the end of the world was near. What do they know? How can they tell what's going to happen? Sure it's true that any day now there could be

a world war three but how can they prove it? Well ... I can prove it, I know the inside story. I know what the heavens are going to do next, I know because I was there. When I say "the heavens" I don't mean that I died, went to heaven and then came back again, I just mean that I was there with my mind.

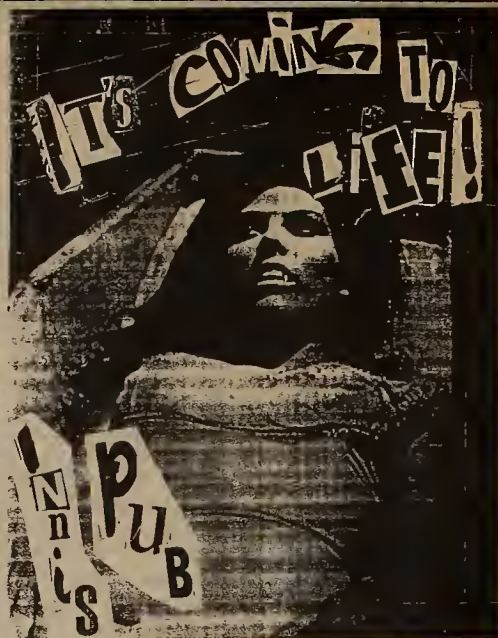
Those people carrying those sign are right though. The world will end and it will end in February 1982.

In 1982 Jupiter will align with Mars and this will cause the Jupiter Affect. When this happens people will become all psyched out in their minds and they will become so sure that the world will end.

On this certain night in February 1982 everybody will have bought telescopes (because they're sure that they won't need their money after they're dead) and they will be looking through them, out into the night sky. Then ... that night ... when all is quiet the people will be able to see all the planets lining up on the same side of the sun. As all these people are watching they will be thinking to themselves that the world will end and they will be thinking so-o-o hard that when they see the planets their minds will blow up.

Yes ... the people's minds will blow up. Nothing else would have happened except for a slight change in temperature but the people wouldn't know that because their souls were being taken over by their minds.

The few people who could fight back and stay sane will start a new life until seventy-six years later when the planets all line up again and the same episode occurs.



Lic. LLBO.

NOVEMBER 9th
9:00pm to ?


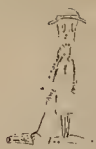







Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave

Cover: CHECK IT OUT!

Photo ID Required!

Innis Info: Upcoming Events

NOVEMBER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ICSS OFFICE: Room 116 Phone number: 978-7368 Feel free to drop by!		NOTE: Please check the ICSS Info board for frequent updates about what is happening in the college.		1	2 	3
4	5 Co-Ed Innertube Waterpolo begins. check the Athletics board.	6 Innis Role-playing society meeting in room 223 at 6 pm -every Tuesday	7	8	9 INNIS PUB!!	10
11 	12 Woman's Volleyball begins. see the Athletics board.	13 ICSS Meeting -4pm in the Cold Room. All Innis students are encouraged to attend.	14 HOCKEY: Innis Whalers vs. MBA Capitals 9pm. check Athletics board.	15 	16	17
18	19	20 Service Training Course. Simcoe Hall Room 23 6-8 pm. See Sarah or Kimberley.	21	22	23 	24 HOCKEY: Innis whalers vs. Team Pharmacy 5pm check Athletics board.
25 	26	27 ICSS Meeting -4pm in the Cold Room. All Innis Students are encouraged to attend.	28 	29 Scat! deadline today.	30 HOCKEY: Innis whalers vs. Woodsworth A. 9pm check Athletics board.	

Innis: Cold, Wet and Friendly

Karen Summer

I was recently asked by a friend of mine why it was that I decided to transfer to Innis this year, rather than spend my sixth and last year at this university at Victoria, where I had been for the previous five years. But let me first explain why it was I chose Vic those many years ago. It was not because I am the "country club" type. I know, I know -- that's a stupid cliché and Vic is not really like that at all. But I also know that I see more sockless feet stuck in boating shoes there than anywhere else. With the possible exception of St. Mike's, there is not a more "tastefully" (ie., conservatively) dressed lot on campus than at Vic, and I hereby apologize to the small exception to this rule that I sometimes see wandering around Old Vic or N. Frye Hall, the ones who consciously separate themselves from this majority. I was one of them, not because I was "superior" or non-conformist or anything cool like that, but because after I had paid my rent, fed my cat (that bi-monthly event) and got the landlord to resurrect the heat in my apartment while the cash temporarily flowed, I had little left over to dry-clean my red-tabs or polish (let alone purchase) my boaters.

So if I didn't go to Vic to make a fashion statement, why did I go? Well, for one thing, my dad went there. While we in our family are not exactly staunch traditionalists, there didn't seem to be a reason not to go there too. Also, Vic is pretty and is conveniently close to Yorkville (oh, sorry, I got my reasons confused with those of my ex-fellow Vic-tims). And I discovered after I got there that there is some money to be had if you've got the grades. I thought hey, why not go for the cash grab? Not so I

can update my leather jacket collection, or get that much-needed CD player, but so that I could feed my poor pus his beloved kibble perhaps on almost a daily basis. You should have seen his face when he had his second meal in two days! That is why I stayed for a few years, rather than transferring immediately.

So why did I defect to Innis? I had spent most of my time over here during the past five years anyway, and it seemed like the smart thing to do when the money ran out at Vic. Now don't you go thinking that I don't feel some guilt over this, abandoning my college after I sucked it financially dry. But let's face it -- Vic can take the loss. I'm not sure how the individual colleges feel about us students (do we "belong" to them? or to the whole U of T?), but Vic can walk tall knowing that they helped one student get by a little bit better, and helped her to do better school work (it's so much easier with the heat on).

I chose to come to Innis because I love it when it rains outside and you come inside for some warmth and drying-time, and... it's raining in here too. I chose Innis because in the winter it's got all those hot and cold spots that can take your breath away with their severity. I once fell asleep in a draught (one of those ones in the second-floor lounge area) and woke up with a metal rod jammed down between the vertebrae of my spine. It took me a few days (and long, hot baths) to extract it and regain the motor ability in my neck. I chose Innis because the registrar people are nice and will actually get to know you personally if you just go in the office a few times. This is a physical impossibility at Vic -- there are simply too many students. But I should add that the Vic

registrar people are *extremely* kind and helpful. It's not their fault that, after coming in seven times in one day, they still gaze at you blankly wondering if you're a student or what. They've probably seen fifteen thousand other people (some of them repeat offenders such as me) that same day.

In summation then... Innis is not the "cool" (although it's often freezing), "artsy", radical thinking college it sometimes thinks it is. If you're not a Dead-head and you don't wear all-black outfits or tie-dyes on a daily basis, you'll still be okay here. You don't have to shave your head or pierce your eyelids to be "in". I came to Innis because it's relaxing and I have an overwhelming, life-threatening desire to relax on an regular basis. Closing my eyes and putting my feet up is a way of life for me. And I don't feel like there's something wrong with me when I look down at those feet and see the same sneakers I had in grade thirteen.



This letter was recieved late, after nine-tenths of the paper had been laid out (including the letters page). But we thought hey, we like it, let's put it in anyway. So here it is.

name with their opinion?

J. Davinson
P.S. Please date your issues in the future.

Dear J.

Is your last question a rhetorical one? If not, I would say that Mole does not seek to become "better" than anyone else for using this name. Who is Mole? Mole is Mole, just like J. Davinson is J. Davinson. If you think his argument or opinion is poor, that's okay, but it has nothing to do with his name. Mole is just as real as you or me, and if you want to complain about his writing, get in touch with him or

slap him silly, you may do so, whatever name he uses.

But forget about the name dilemma. Your suggestion (nay, command) that we date our issues is a really fabulous one! Maybe we could number the pages too! Listen, J., if you're just being cute and trying to embarrass us with the fact that we only publish monthly (as per the date printed in the masthead every month), well gee whiz, we feel bad enough about it already. You'll be overjoyed to see that this month's issue is dated on the cover, in case you can't find the masthead again.












Love,
Your Friends at the Herald

More Bogosity

Dear Editor:

Just curious to know why "Mole" in their "Random Thoughts" comments "Which Office do you Prefer?" proceeds to criticize Mr Maloney for not expressing his own opinion. Who is this "Mole"? Are they any better for not attaching a

DECEMBER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Officers of the ICSS: President: Loren Davie VP Government: M. Lena Dolezel	V.P. Services: Jennifer Reid Treasurer: Debra van Duynhove	Communications Commissioner: Sarah Forbes Education Commissioner: Peter Caldwell	Social Reps: Sarah Johnson Kimberley Nash Men's Athletics: Saul Mandelbaum	Women's Athletics: Stephanie Bradley Co-Ed Athletics: Anne Sedore Clubs Rep: Dev Persaud		1 
2	3 	4 Innis Role-Playing Society Meeting in Rm 223 at 6 pm every Tuesday. Contact Dev for details.	5 Hockey: Innis Whalers vs. SMC -8 pm. Further details on Athletics board.	6	7 INNIS PUB!!	8 
9 GOOD LUCK ON YOUR EXAMS! from the ICSS.	10	11 	12 First day of Hanukkah	13 	14	15
16	17 	18	19 	20	21 	22
23 30	24 Christmas Eve. New Year's Eve.	25 Christmas Day	26 	27	28 	29 

NOVEMBER 15

Short films by Toronto filmmakers (This show will concentrate of films no in distribution) Filmmakers may submit work (16mm preferred, but we can accommodate super 8) by phoning 656-0005 or 978-7790. DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: October 7.

NOVEMBER 22, 29 & FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30

The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society present.

The Films of Pat O'Neill.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 7:00 pm, Innis Town Hall

By the Sea, Bump City, 7362, Runs Good, Easy Out, Down

Wind, Forgrounds

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 7:00 pm, AGO Jackman Hall

Saugus Series, Sidewinder's Delta, Sleeping Dogs (Never

Lie), Let's Make a Sandwich, Last of the Perimmons

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 7:00 pm, AGO Jackman Hall

Water and Power (1989, 60 min., 35 mm)

THE INNIS FILM SOCIETY FALL 1990

Screenings take place on Thursday evenings at 7:00 in the Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue (at St. George), unless otherwise noted (there are many exceptions).

Admission to the films is \$3.00 except where otherwise noted

A subscription for the whole series (September through April) may be purchased for \$35.00. The subscription does not allow admission to the Art Gallery of Ontario screenings.

For more information, please call 978-7790

The Innis Film Society appreciates the assistance of the following: the Ontario Arts Council; the Toronto Arts Council; the Innis College Student Society; the Association of Part-Time Undergraduate Students; and our generous private donors



IT'S COMING TO LIFE!!

The Innis Pub

Friday November 9

Doors open 9 p.m.

\$1 Cover

FREE T-SHIRT IF YOU COME
(no joke!)

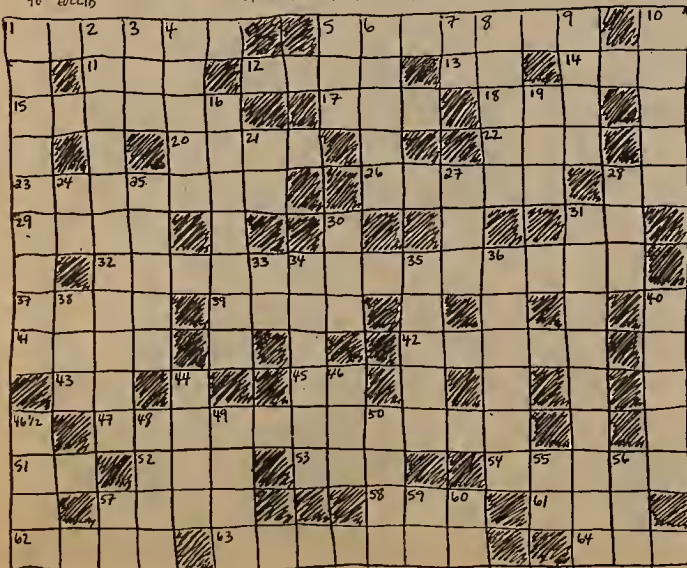
I.D. required; LLBO regulations

Check it out.

WORD-O-RAMA

Across

1. THE BEST KIND OF MENTOR
5. VONSTON'S LAST NAME
11. TEACHER'S ORG
12. "HARE TODAY — TOMORROW"
13. DIRTY MONOLITH
14. KAMBA'S OFFERING
15. ADJECTIVE FROM DOWN
17. FAST
18. TWIN PEAKS' KAZOO PLAYER
20. PHONETIC THURMAN
22. GOVERNMENT FUNDED TERRORISTS (ABBR.)
23. (MOST BEING) OR LILLITH'S LAST NAME (MAYBE)
26. LEE MANSO? (WE THINK NOT)
28. "COSSIAN DELANEY" PICKLE SELLER'S MONOLITH
29. BULL IN PANTLOINS
31. FA — LA...
32. GIVE AND TAKE ACCORDING TO ELLIOT
37. WHAT ANY SELF-RESPECTING STUDENT'S ESSAYS ARE, REGULARLY
39. NAKED, PHENETICALLY
41. SERGIO LEONE'S COMPOSER MURKIN'S FIRST NAME, MINUS ONE "N"
42. ALAR BEAR'S DELICACY: IT'S (LUNACY ON THE OUTSIDE AND CHIEF ON THE INSIDE)
43. TURN IT ON, TUNE IT IN, AND DON'T WRITE THOSE ESSAYS
45. PREMICK'S MONOLITH
47. EBYORE'S TWIN (SEE CARTOON)
51. EITHER'S PARTNER
52. ROWBOAT PROPELLER
53. SLIMY SQUIDLY CREATURE
54. BRITISH DRINK, USUALLY HIT
57. TV-REAL LIFE DETECTIVE
59. WHAT BRIAN MURKIN (NAKED)
61. WHAT SID VICIOUS WAS
62. "YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY BUT IT —" (LEAVE IT FUNNY)
63. WHAT PAUL WILLIAM'S CREATED AT THE PARADISE
64. OBSTETRICS GYNCOLOGY (ABBR.)



Have Something to Say About...

Residence?

The College's Facilities?

Writing Centre?

Math Aid Centre?

Administration?

Registrar's Office?

Cinema, Urban or Environmental Studies?

Then tell the Innis College
Review Committee.

If you are interested in being a part of the student group that will make an oral presentation to the Committee on November 20th at 11 am in Town Hall, talk to or leave a message for Loren Davie at I.C.S.S. Room 116, Innis College, 978-7368.

Nothing will change if Nothing is said!



Down

1. SWIM STROKE
2. NOT WORKING
3. WHAT DAIRY STEAMERLY WAS
4. HEIR
5. — ROCK
6. SUBCONTINENT
7. THE CONSPIRACY THAT REPLACED VINYL
8. ARROW'S OWNER
9. SON OF ADHOPHITE
10. BART'S DAD
11. NOUVEAU
12. FUCE UP
13. MRS. MILLER, HIS DIMAGGIO ETC. (MONOLITH)
14. IT HAS THE ART SHOPPE, UNLIKE ROME, NEW YORK + PARIS (ABBR.)
15. "IT'S 40 BELOW AND I DON'T HAVE A FUEL" — SONG
17. JUC OR HOCER
18. IF YOU'RE NOT HIGH ON LIFE, YOU MUST BE HIGH ON —
30. IT RUNS YOUR BATTERY AND BLOWS YOUR MIND (CRYSTIC)
31. SHAGGY'S GAMINE COMPANION
33. TO SOME IT MEANS YES
34. DEPLEGANKER
35. STALLED
36. LOANED AGAIN
38. ADAM —
40. BOBBY'S BRATY SISTER ON KNOTS LANDING
41. SRI LANKA BEFORE Ceylon
42. FIRST NAME OF "QUEST FOR FIRE'S" NEAR-IDENTICAL BARE
- 44/2. BODY SNATCHING DEVICES.
48. CHEER
49. SHIT
50. WHAT'S MISSING IN MEET HENRY JAMES LOVERS
55. WHAT BELUSHI DIED OF
56. A LITTLE ONE WILL DO YA
57. PREPOSITION EXPRESSING MOTION TOWARDS
59. DOWN FOR THE COUNT (ABBR.)
60. "I SHOP THEREFORE I —"